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MORTALITY :

A POEM SUNG IN SOLITUDE;

WITH NOTES ;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SONNETS AND SONGS.

BY THOMAS CAMBRIA JONES.

"WHAT MAN ONCE WAS, IS NOW, AND IS TO BE,
I'VE SUNG IN VARIOUS VERSE."—*Concluding Part.*

LONDON :

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT-STREET.

MDCCCXXXVII.

MORTALITY

A FORM & UNIFORM IN BOUND

C. INGRAM, PRINTER, MAIL OFFICE, LIVERPOOL.

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INTRODUCTION.

OUR thoughts are like the ocean—whether we slumber or wake, they still flow; we cannot command them; we cannot destroy them. They rush upon us we know not whence; they lead us at their will; they rule us and shape our destiny. They are our immortality on earth. Poem, picture, and statue, are deathless on becoming their dwelling place. They are our life; our greatness or littleness; our joy or misery. As thoughts shape the actions of men, so nations rise or fall, as their thoughts ascend or descend.

Thus the proper direction of thought should be the chief aim of parents towards their children, and of rulers of kingdoms towards their subjects. Is such the aim of parents, or of rulers? Children, from their first entrance into life, are taught

to gaze on baubles, and dress, as on things of importance; as they grow up, they are taught to consider wealth, titles, and fashion, as the only objects worthy of ambition, to which they willingly sacrifice honour, honesty, peace, and wisdom; whilst the folly of ignorant rulers, wallowing in the golden styes of luxury and mental insignificance, sanction such wrong direction of thought and idolatry, by basing their own pretensions to greatness on the same delusions.

This is my belief:—that God is perfectly happy from His perfection in wisdom; and that man, into whom He breathed a portion of Himself, can solely be happy and great, inasmuch as the spirit which was breathed into the clayey mortal, when it became man—an immortal and living soul,—holds refreshing communion with its parent fount.

What the ocean is to the rivers, such is God to His children. As the rivers which run from, and return to, the ocean, are not severed from their parent whilst taking their pilgrimage through the earth, so they are in themselves ever healthy and pure, and one with the huge world of waters. Even

so it fares with the children of God. They are one with Him through communion—ever healthy and pure in spirit, in despite of the natural and accidental infirmities of the flesh;—they are one with Him here and hereafter;—to them, time is eternity;—earth, heaven;—death, unknown.

Under the influence of such impressions, and with the face of nature before me, I have lived, felt, and written,—fought my way, unaided by those whose duty it was to aid me, through obstacles and circumstances which, at times, have tinged my pages with melancholy; and, at other times, as I felt my spirit bursting through and triumphing over its drawbacks, fired them with enthusiasm, happiness, gratitude, and devotion.

I am thankful that I was born—that I have experienced what I have experienced—that I have given a voice to what I have given a voice.

The illustrious patronage that has of late been so graciously showered upon me, followed up with many marks of favour from all ranks of my generous countrymen, is a manifestation that, in

the pursuit of wisdom, though our morning be dark and our pathway thorny, yet, if we faint not, the brightness of mid-day shall eventually open upon us, and the thorns be supplanted by flowers.

After much delay,—after long and earnest struggling,—with confiding, yet humble faith, I send forth “Mortality : a Poem sung in Solitude.”

In reference to the olden words occasionally introduced, I have ever thought that they give richness and character to Poesy, which adheres more to the general and ideal, than to the local and positive. Seeing, however, beforehand, that many will not coincide in this opinion, I will conclude by asking, if the system of throwing by the original and legitimate words of our expressive and sonorous language goes on, where will it end? Shall we not have once more upon the earth the dialect of Babylon,—unmeaning and incomprehensible?

* * * It is proper to state that an Edition of “Mortality,” without Notes, was printed, in Chester, in the year 1835, but as it was not revised by me whilst passing through the press, I did not sanction its publication. The Chester Edition is, therefore, spurious.

THE VERSIFICATION.

The rythm and rhyme of the following Poem are such as the sentiments, thoughts, and feelings worked themselves into: I allowed them to shape the vehicle of development—not the vehicle to shape them.

DEDICATION.

LAND OF BARDS! whose songs of flame
Shine upon the page of fame ;
Nurse of genius and of mind,
Mighty as thy hills and wind ;
Glorious as the orbs we see
Station'd in eternity !
Snatch the palm of vanish'd days,
Snatch it, ere the whole decays ;
Wear the wreath thy fathers wore
When they guarded bards of yore,—
Listen'd to the music pour'd
By fairy hand, from fairy chord,
Exalting humble Nature's scan
Beyond the nothingness of man.

Oh! when shall their bold wizard strain
Sound among thy hills again ?
Never, until thou stretchest forth

A patronizing hand to worth.

Deem not the flowers of song are dead,

Because the harp is silence keeping;

When the warm glow of sunshine's shed,

Its chords will be no longer sleeping;

Each flower will raise its grateful head,

And thou shalt be to earth a treasure;

Thine ancient honour shall return,

Thy vallies shall be fill'd with pleasure;

Thy streamlets shall with glory burn;

Thy rocks and mountains, high and stern,

Shall chime once more in joyous measure.

(a) Gwyneth! a minstrel brings to thee

The songs he sung upon thy hills;

Though humble as himself they be,

Each fountain hath its youthful rills,—

Which may, in time, if foster'd well,

Into one boundless river swell:

Beneath thy feet he casts them down,—

Thy mercy will not let thee frown;

Thy smile, if he may gaze so high,

Would fill his heart with ecstasy.

TO —, WITH MY POEMS.

WHEN the wintry blast is blown,
And the moon's upon her throne,
Lady! read this Book alone,

In some solitary place,
Where the winds the red leaves chase,
As Death doth the human race:

But, when lovers whisper near,
And the heavens and earth appear,
Like thyself, my Lady dear,

Close, O close this dreamy Book,
Place it in some sacred nook,
Where no laughing eye may look.

SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO THE
CYMMRODORION AND GWYNEDDIGION, LONDON,
WHICH WAS SENT TO EACH OF THOSE SOCIETIES IN A COPY OF
THE FIRST EDITION OF "MORTALITY."

I have not deem'd that in this verse of mine
There may be ought entitled to your praise;
But unto whom may northern minstrel gaze
For smile, or help from noble hand benign,
Save unto you, whom God hath call'd upon
To fan the embers of expiring song,
Ere Wales sighs o'er her fame and glory gone,
An upstart nation's scorn.

How long, how long
Shall the fond Mother cry unto her sons,
Whom Mammon blesses, to extend their hand,
And shield the pathway of her tuneful ones
From Poverty, that kills the heart with groans?
The men who hear that cry and idly stand,
Are none of Wales' sons, though born within her
land.

SONNETS.

I.

THE WORLDLING TO THE POET.

Poor, thoughtful fool, who from the careless throng

Passest thy days in musing idleness,

And the vain visions of impassioned song,

'Mid which thy spirit, unrestrain'd and strong,

In words embodies what she should repress,—

Thoughts which alone unto thy tribe belong,—

Unfashionable virtues—Liberty,—

The loveliness of Truth, and sages old

Who laboured in her cause, and suffered by

The hate and venom of her enemy.

And wilt thou still in her lost cause be bold?

Beware! beware! and thy rash censure hold!

The world as it was erst is still the same,—

Lose not thy present good for future praise
and fame.

II.

THE POET TO THE WORLDLING.

I cannot change the colour of the thought
 With which my frame is full,—nor yet conceal
 The feelings which my heart is prone to feel.
I would be silent; but my mind, when fraught,
 With its perceptions, is a restless thing,
Until it calms itself in Poesy,
 Wherewith it makes itself the fabled wing,
And revels in a world denied to thee,
 Peopled with all that's bright and flourishing,—
Where all is beauty, love, and purity.
This is not losing present good for fame,
 But rising 'bove the present ill to good;
Therefore, poor Worldling, cease that voice of blame,
 Nor scorn a Poet and his solitude.

SONNET TO POSTERITY

Not in the calm of literary leisure,
Nor 'neath the shelter of storm-shielding roof;
Nor 'mid approving hearts—but 'mid reproof
Of men, who, in my day, deem'd dulness treasure,
Were my soul's feelings breathed into measure.
Toil, want, and sorrow—years of wandering—
Low persecution from Truth's enemies—
Slanders, false friends, pale Envy's restless sting,
And all that chills man's finer faculties,
Have not cast down my spirit. This hath proved,
I sought nor man's reward, nor fear'd his rage;
And often, in my dreams, a voice beloved
Would speak to me of you, (and of my page,)
Ye bright-soul'd offspring of a favour'd age.

MORTALITY:

A POEM SUNG IN SOLITUDE.

MORTALITY

MORTALITY

MORTALITY:

A POEM SUNG IN SOLITUDE.

P O E M.

AS the light of summer's morn
To those, who o'er the waves are borne,
After a night of rain and wind,
So song comes to my wearied mind.
Over the earth in thought I go,
Like the spirit of a dream;
I've things to tell of joy and woe,
Yet untold to mortal ear,—
Let the sinner list and fear!
He shall freeze, and he shall scream,
While my fancies 'round him teem,
Just as though a ghost had past
From the bed of man the last,
Darkest mysteries to tell
Those upon the stormy stream,

Leading to that placid sea,
On whose shores the Blessed dwell—
Far from man's immanity.

I go, like the rush of a mountain river,
That to the ocean sweeps away ;—
I go, like the breeze that from earth doth sever
The weeds on a wint'ry day:
For, oh! this life is a scene of grief,
And the free, free spirit can find relief
In its own immortal isles, and share
The joys which are themselves divine,
And see, within the shadeless air,
All hope fulfill'd, and Eden shine,
Though the fond body, its own pale bride,
Still clings with coldness at its side,
And fain would quench the sacred fire
That doth its holier part inspire,
And makes to feel its lofty birth,
Though fallen now, is not of earth,—
Whose pleasures, fairy-like, are such
Which vanish at the slightest touch,
And leave the heart, so lured astray,

A cold degenerate wreck of clay,
Hedged 'round with discontent,
To gaze along the past that shone
A garden of beauty and glory blent.
Alas! that heart will broken be,
When seeking the joys it used to see,
Now, now, for ever gone,
And left it worse than dead—alone,
To grieve for what will ne'er return,
To sink in apathy, or burn,
Until the hallow'd light of healing
Calms its wildly frantic feeling,
And guides it o'er the path, that leads
From this desart of storms and evil deeds,
Whereof it shall rise, with seraph motion,
To a peaceful Heaven's fine devotion,
For ever to live, 'midst the glow of the truth,
A crystal being of life and youth.

O blest be for ever the hour that brought
First to my soul the springs of thought,
Which are as stars in the bowers of night,
Shedding o'er gloomy life their light,

Attracting our spirits to harmonize
With the glorious One of Paradise!
From the land of the good, the perfect, and just,
That never was seen by a form of dust;
From the land my soul is soon to see,
There came an angel-voice to me;—
'Twas like the sweet strain of a dream,
That minstrels in their slumbers hear,
When, by the everlasting stream
Of righteousness, the Eden-sphere
Dissolves their souls with hallow'd pleasure,
Beyond afar the mortal measure.

“Take thy harp off the bardic tree,
Where it hath hung an idle thing,
And, like the wind, thy song shall be
Over the wide earth wandering;
And men shall listen unto thee,
Praising thy rude-sung minstrelsy,
Which heartless wights shall blame:—
But I have given heart and soul,
O'er which they shall not have controul,
It shall be as a flame

That burns in spite of hail and rain ;
Long on the earth it shall remain
Upheld by living fame ;—
And those who blamed it shall decay
Like worthless weeds in shame away.”

So spake the angel-voice—

Ah me !

What are thine honours, Poesy ?

What hast thou given me for all
The years of grief I've spent for thee ?

Fame is too oft a cup of gall,
And he who drinks it, Agony.
The tongues of Envy speak and wound him ;
True hearts are too fine for earth ;
Crafty villains lurk around him ;
To the wealthy he is mirth.

SCENE—NEAR SNOWDON.

I, on my mother-mountain stand,
Where Nature's brow, austere and grand,
Unmarr'd by man's polluting hand,

Uplifts its living purity
To mingle with the sky ;
It seems a wilderness of land,
A region of felicity,
Brought before me by command
Of some fairy's witching wand,
And presenteth to the eye
A Heaven of divinity.

Shatter'd crags of blue and brown.
On the stony soil look down ;
Mighty rocks, huge and sublime,
Unhumbled by the whirls of time,
Here in grandeur orderless,
Flourish midst their barrenness ;
Earthquakes', lightning's, winters' sway,
Which sweep mortal works away,
Have not hurt their summits hoar ;—
As they are, they were of yore.

O if there be aught below
To remind us of that place
Where the purified do go,

After quitting human race,
'Tis upon the mountain's brow
Where man's folly is not seen,
Where his feet have never been
To make grim the moss's green,
Or even give the hint, that he
Is breathing in mortality.

I have heard a spirit-tongue,
Strange as gifted poet's song,
On the mountain, on the heath,
In the wand'ring, restless breath
Of the wind, as passing by
Rocks which stretch'd themselves on high,

Or, as piercing underneath
Rugged caves by ages worn,
When as giant, fraught with wrath,
Who hath from fell foeman torn,
It utters loudly, heavily,
Many a sudden, hollow sigh.

Or, as if a minstrel there,
Moaning for the sins of men,
Had retired from human ken,

And the Spirit of Despair,
Breathed aroode his harp a strain
Like the Dying make in pain.

It is heard within the sky
At passing day's faint lullaby ;
It is living in the storm ;
It is moving o'er the form
That is pictured in the lake,
Without ripple, stir, or wave,
On some summer's pleasant eve,
Ere the mists from slumber wake
And their drowsy journey take.

In the all-convulsing earthquake,
When rocks waver to and fro,
Mountains, as in travail, shake,
And the hearts of nations ache,
Stung with haggard fear and throe,
As men say unto each other,
Worm and wrath await us, brother!

Whither, whither, shall we go?
It is heard.

It is heard in the thunder and the rain ;
 On the solitary plain,
 Where the ghosts of evil men,
 In Imagination's ken,
 Dight with cymars thin and white,
 Ride upon the breeze of night,
 And display to human sight,
 By their soul-despairing grin,
 What must be their hell within ;
 And the Living view with dread,
 The effects of guilt and sin
 . On spirit, when the body's dead.

It is heard along the sea,
 When it slumbers placidly
 In the summer's sweetest glow,
 A sapphiry world of love below,
 And its various fishes, so golden and bright,
 Are sparkling like spirits, or forms of light,
 Which glide o'er Heaven's immortal river,
 As the saints in prayer unite,
 That He, who can alone deliver
 The souls of men from wretchedness,

May teach them for His sphere to press,
And gain it, ere the closing door
Is barr'd against them ever more.

It is heard when the deep
Rushes from its fairy sleep,
And the tempests angrily,
Hurl its billows to the sky—

And they go as mountains rolling,
O'er the thousands Death hath ta'en,
Whilst the ships scorn man's controlling,
Making all his labour vain !

Then their crews a prayer would give,
As they can no longer live,
To that God, ne'er called upon
When the days of safety shone—
Alas! the vessels plunge beneath !
Ocean weeds will be their wreath ;
With those vessels some have gone,
Others on the waves are thrown,
And toss'd about, like sear leaves blown

By Winter o'er his stormy heath ;
Yet one faint, one last endeavour
To retard retiring breath—
Go, go it must,
Dust will have dust,—
They sink—they sink for ever.

They have gone where all who slumber,
Shall arise from slumber never,
Until tides have flow'd their number,
Doom'd for them to flow—then sever,
When Jehovah's voice shall sound
O'er creation's burial ground,
Killing worldly pride with wonder,
All shall hear that voice of thunder,—
All shall hear on earth and under,—
All shall hear in stream and ocean,—
The Living die—the Dead have motion.

Time shall cease—the clouds pass by,
Like frail shadows from the eye ;—
Rain goes with them. Never more
Shall a storm or tempest roar ;—

The sun, the moon, the stars shall fall,
Night shall chase them—be their pall ;
Heaven shall ope its doors on high,—
God alone fill earth and sky ;
Nature rent ;—the slumb'ring Dead
Then shall burst their prison-bed.

From the ruins of the perished,
Where once royalty was cherished,
And midst all that wealth could render,
Revell'd in excess of splendour,
Comes a voice to man appealing,—
Human vanity revealing—
That, for which the proud heart acheth,
Springs from fallen dust, and speaketh
More than lore, or sage of old,
Ever to the Living told.

There the banners used to wave
O'er the rude blood-thirsty brave,
Whilst the mead-cup^(b) went around,
With its sparkling foaming crowned,
^(c)And the minstrel, crowds among,

Strung his harp to victor-song,—
Canting of eternal fame,
For whom we know not e'en a name :—
Yea, the froward breeze, that sigh'd
O'er their festival and pride,
Seems to chant its joyous staves
O'er their long-forgotten graves ;—
This of them is all we know,
They are gone—and we must go.
O! the voice that soul-life giveth,
Everlastingly which liveth ;
Ere creations were, it was,
 And when they are not, 'twill be ;—
'Tis the self-subsisting cause
Of earth, and air, and stream,
 Of all we hear and see,
Coevous with the Spirit—the Infinite Supreme.
Childhood heareth it, and smileth ;
 Youth, 'tis a delight to thee ;
Eld, 'tis what thy care beguileth ;
 Death, it is thy liberty !
Childhood, youth, eld, death, must sever,

Like leaves falling from a tree ;
But this voice will quit us never,—
'Tis thy voice, Eternity.

There is not a place below,
Nor around, nor yet above,
Unknown to the ancient flow
Of this sleepless voice of love.
Unto slumb'ring man it cries—
Waken from thy vanities,
That the high and stately soul
May scorn folly's low controul,
And as life-time wanes away,
Ripen in its nook of clay ;
Meet for that earthless array
Worn upon the dying-day,—
When Death shall, as angel bright,
Bear it hence, on plumes of light,
Through the grand mysterious portal,
To be throned with the Immortal.

In all ages there was heard,
This sweet-singing Eden bird ;

Shame, and, alas! that pride should be
Deaf to Eden-minstrelsy!
Shame, and, alas! that man should fill
Earth with superstition, till
Molten gods are raised on high,
Marring sooth simplicity,
Rivals of the Deity;
Whilst the few, who own them not,
Are call'd to share the glorious lot
(d)Of such, who are doom'd in their prison of clay,
To sorrow a time from their home away,
Till their lustrous souls dazzle the mob of no worth,
For which they are martyr'd on night-loving earth,
When they re-ascend to the land of their birth.

O that I, from bliss above,
Could snatch the hallow'd soul of love,
And learn the language mild that there,
I have heard whilst 'tranced in prayer,
Then I would rise, and move along
The sainted gift in seraph-song,
To him, the Unimaginable,
Whom I feel, but cannot tell,

Though around me He doth dwell,

And my heart esteems Him well :

He hath kindled there an ember

That illumes my spirit's cell,

Therefore Him I must remember,

Whilst through this dark valley hieing,

To be ever blest before Him,

In the flow'ry groves undying ;

—O my heart and soul adore Him !

There the life that inward burneth,

Whilst we walk where woe is seen,

To its fitting sphere returneth,

Where nor woe, nor night hath been,—

Never been, nor e'er can come

Near that pure unchanging home.

There, in fair and roseate bloom,

Bards, unsullied by the tomb,

Clothed in living robes of sheen,

Lovelier than mind can ween,

Wake mellifluous harps to story,

Rife with heavenly deeds of glory,—

Far too bright for man to know,

Till Eden's door's shall o'er him throw

Their showers of entrancing glow,
Which hail the Weary from below.

To Him, to Him, who call'd the light,
To fashion darkness into day,
Who bade the stars to spangle night,
And gave the moon her sober ray—
Who piled the mountains—made them stand
Th' enduring monarchs of the land ;
Who bade the billows of the sea,
Confined within their caves to be ;
And fix'd the courses of the river,
Where still it flows, and flows for ever.
To Him—to Him, within the storm,
When whirlwinds do the clouds deform,
And earthquakes beneath, and thunders above,
With a spell of power move,
Shaking the mountain, the rock, and the wood,
As the lightning streams from the skies like a flood ;
And the rains, as though their fountains were blown
Asunder, on the earth plunge down,
Like many rivers, in mercy hurl'd,
To cleanse a soil'd and vicious world :—

To Him, who guideth their energies,
Who governeth the shores, the oceans, and skies,—
To Him I turn the voice of my song,
For a mind of light and a sacred tongue.
O gift me, eternal essence of youth,
With the visions which live in the sphere of truth!
Descend! within my bosom be,
Or take my spirit up to Thee!
Both morn and even be to me,
Th' inspiring soul of Poesy ;
While I, among thought's stately bowers,
Gather some wild poetic flowers,
And plant them on a rude, bleak earth,
That much, I ween, will mar their worth ;—
But Thou canst make them flourish forth,
And give them charms o'er mysteries,
Which are seal'd from common eyes,—
Charms to lift man from the death
That dooms him to the place of wrath—,
Charms which o'er his spirit gleaming,
Hallow life with their pleasant beaming—
A foretaste of weal so heavenly,
That the glories of Eden shall visit his eye,

And his soul drink of the living stream,
Till it enters the bland celestial dream,
In the isles of love, and the skies of spring,
Whose laurels are not withering.

SCENE CHANGES TO THE ROCKS, ON THE
RIGHT OF SNOWDON.

WORSHIP is on the mountains, on the sky,
The cataract, the rock, and misty vale !
Up to the Soul invisible, who fills
The wilderness of numberless creations,
Ascends a gentle offering of prayer
From all I see around me.

There is joy,
Thus to commix with Nature and her thoughts,—
To kneel beneath th' almighty light of Heaven,
Within th' eternal temple, and to breathe
The hallow'd Spirit who inhabits it ;
And feel, as do the souls of the Departed,
Whose names were written on the gorgeous page
Of blissful immortality.

My God !
How full of Thee is all that I behold !

Thy wonders, who can see them and be mute?
Thy wonders, who can feel them and express?
Thy majesty, o'er this wide-spreading earth,
Hath pour'd itself in awful dignity;—
These rocks, on which I stand 'midst deep delight,
The nursers of the desolating storm,
Wherefrom the thunder travels to and fro,
A voice of threat'ning to the Inhabitants
Of guilty places, palaces, and huts,
Whose long-continued crimes have merited
The wrath that ends not, calms not, after death.—
The Good alone are undismay'd in hours,
When human power availeth nought to man;
For, who can still the thunder—who can turn
The burning current of the lightning—
Quench the volcano's fire-flood—or controul
The all-convulsing earthquake?

Thou! none else.—

These rocks, which centuries have left behind,
Still heave their brows above the tide of years,
On which we read a history of the past,
The wreck of grandeur on the stream that flows
Into the sea of time unchronicled:—

They were, when mighty nations shone in glory ;
They are, those mighty nations now are not ;—
To-morrow, who shall stand where I do now,
Or gaze on what I gaze? Where, where will be
The throng which fills the city, and the paths
Of folly and of fashion? With the past.

How pleasant, yet, how awful, thus to muse
Alone with Nature, as it were with God,
With whom the heart communeth silently,
Becoming more divine, as it is lost
To all that savours of man's impotence,
Miscall'd his dignity by modern tongues.
The wretch, who grovels in the lust of gold ;
The ape, who sells for titles soul and peace ;
The worm, ambitious of a tyrant's name,
Who, crowning his temples with a gory wreath,
Spreads murder, in the guise of war, around
An earth that loathes him :—claim, and gain, and
wear
The badge of dignity.—So let it be.

NIGHT comes, her balmy silence gathers round

With darkness, for an universal sleep.
Now the fond lover hastens to the tower,
That in the woodland heaves its battlements,
To woo his maiden's ear with whisper'd rhymes,
Which speak of his eternal constancy.
The man of merchandise, now o'er his gain,
Plans various schemes to win the golden God,
On which his empty consequence is hung,
Among the knowing whom he calls his friends;
Which, having done, he prays and goes to bed.

The minstrel now, in meditative mood,
In wood, on mountain, or by waterfall,
Or ancient river, woos the sacred light
That lit the visions of departed Bards,
Whose names to him seem utter'd by the breeze,
So much they are commingled with his thoughts,
In song his being is condensed,—the world
Were nought to him, if sever'd from his harp.

Dream on, poor lone enthusiast, dream on;
And may'st thou never wake from thy high dreams,
Which smooth the ruggedness of human life,

Too apt to discompose the spirit's calm,
When, midst the noisy jar of common men,
Who live for self alone, and reck for nought,
Except the outward things which strengthen pride,
And make their hearts more loathsome than they
were ;

Who breathe in mental idleness their lives,—
And yield up virtue for the love of lust!
Then die—unmourn'd—unmiss'd—unspoken of,
Save by the order, worthless as themselves,
Who revel with the lucre they have left,
And toast their mem'ries in peace-marring draughts,^(e)
Guttled midst riot, and midst drunkenness,
Then fall, like them, to an unhonour'd grave—
The dreary mansion where the Wicked rot^(f)—
Without a tear, save that by fashion pour'd.

Behold, alas! the wisdom of the world,
Its honour, dignity, its charity!
Behold the wretched pine, the orphan weep,
The poor oppress'd, who have no comforter!
Behold the wealthy, wretched by disease,
The penalty of their voluptuousness!

List to the loud and frenzied laugh that roars,
Tormenting Nature with its dismal notes !
It comes from one who once had friends and wealth,
Distinctions, and a name among the people;
Honours were daily shower'd upon his path;
His lands extended, and his heart grew proud ;
Erect, amidst prosperity, he stood,
And saw his slaves, his vestments rich, his flocks,
His cattle, gardens, and his many fields,—
And he became unto himself, as God.
He said, there is none greater.

Then he laugh'd,
In very gladness, and excess of joy.

Again, he look'd upon his many goods,
And prostrate fell with laughter to the ground;
Then was one whirl of madness in his brain.—
The Lord, who gave him all, call'd reason back ;
He rose and fled, and gnash'd his teeth, and wept,—
Spoke much of fire, and of an inward worm,—
And ever after was, what he is now,
A madman,—dreaded by the country round,—
Tormenting Nature with his frenzied laugh.

E'en so the mighty perish in their pride,
When they aspire beyond the line drawn out
By prudent Nature. It was never meant,
By the Impartial Parent of the world,
That man should bow to man, or be a slave,
And spend a needy life in endless toil,
For the frail few, who scorn him, to rise up,
In puling self-importance, 'bove his head,
And play the tyrant, whilst they idly speak,
Of justice, freedom, and the rights of man.
But so it is, and will be, until mind,
Degraded virtue, worth, and heaven-fraught truth,
Shall sit in precedence among mankind,
Till then no harmony can reign on earth,
No good man prosper:—rich and poor must be
As snarling brothers, mingling not in love.

Then raise yon monument, yea, raise it higher,
That fools may wonder as they gaze on it,
And say, the dust of dignity lies there.
But mock not yon scarce-coffin'd corpse,—'twas
poor ;—
Toss it within some grave—'tis fit for nothing—

Toss it within some grave,—but mock it not,—
It is the Lord's—A monument it hath,
Not fashioned by hands of hireling flesh,—
Not on the earth, whose monuments are lies,—
The Lord hath raised its monument in Heaven,—
Then let the great have monuments on earth.

What are the deeds of those who foremost stand
In the world's eye, the rich, the powerful,
The stars of outward lustre, to whose shrines
The mob pay adoration, as of old,
When the gold calf was worshipp'd by the sons,
The blinded, fallen sons of prostitution?
What are their deeds? Read them in their effects :
Hath all the bloodshed of continuous wars,
The yearly strife, and conflict of disputes,
Have they, I ask, wrought man one benefit?
I bid thee search o'er the wide world, and tell
The part by which such benefit is felt.
The thund'ring cannon hath been heard,—the
storms
Of mad and ruinous tyrants have been heard,—
Nations, as though an earthquake marr'd their peace,

Have groan'd in spirit;—pride, and crime, and want,
Have banish'd virtue from the public mind;
And earth, the ancient paradise of truth,
Like hell, lies prostrate at the feet of Sin.

If there be feeling in the human heart,
Oh, let it weep for human misery!
Think on the hundreds who, beneath the rod
Of grim necessity, lie nightly down
On the cold soil, and wake to hear the voice
Of starving infancy cry out for bread,
When they have none to give. Why is it thus?
Why is there famine in a plenteous land?

Stand forth, ye bloated drones, who rob the hive
That honest labour fills with golden sweets,—
Priest, warrior, and statesman, brothers born,
And learn this truth from humble minstrel's line,—
Those who mislead the blind shall lose their path—
Though, from the world, you hide your selfishness,
No robe of Pharisee can keep from God
Th' Iscariot of your hearts;—no craft of man
Escape offended Deity.—Repent!

Remembrancer of wrong, and many woes,
Thou sittest, like a night-mare, on the soul,
And chainest down youth's high imaginings,
Which whiled our happier hours of life away,
And fill'd the soul with holy energy,
And expectation to achieve renown
In honourable thoughts and glorious deeds.
The bard and the philosopher have drank,^(g)
In every age, from thine embitter'd fount,
Drank deeply, and 'mid sack-cloth shed the tears
Of persecuted merit, precious tears!
Bright in the eye of Heaven, and the good;
Yet, how disgraceful to the age are they!

I would draw here the portrait of a youth,
Fitted by nature to adorn the race
That he was cast among. A poet-born :
Riches were not his lot, but, in their place,
Genius and inspiration, and true greatness,
(Surpassing that which modern tongues call
 greatness,
The surface-shining gaudiness of kings
And warriors, deck'd with trappings soil'd with
 blood,)

Were given, and not in vain, for Industry
Cultured the flowers of that luxurious mind,
And the breeze wafted their sweet scent abroad;
He then mixed with the world,—the heartless
world,—
That look'd unkindly on him, and denied
Even the boons they gave to common souls,—
A voice of welcome, and a friendly hand.

The world was not in unison with him,
So he retired, to live upon his thoughts.
Remembrance of wrong, and many woes,
Fed on his spirit; care, disease, and want,
Brought down his body to a morning grave;
And those, who had neglected him in life,
Placed o'er his dust, a stone—a monument.

I'll rest myself upon this ancient rock,
And rest my trouble for a while on One,
Firmer than this, though it were adamant.

Thou, who didst give me life in Thy great love ;
And taught'st me, from my childhood, to discourse

With Thee, as seen in the bland solitude
Of vale, and mountain, where Thy Spirit woos
The mind of mortals, to enjoy the gift
Of life and reason,—to aspire beyond
The slavery of lust, and earthly pride,
To muse in glory, meet to sons of Thine,
And find a Heaven on the bleakest shore,
Mountain, or wilderness,—for Thou art there.—

Incomprehensible art Thou, O God!
Fountain of soul, of grandeur, and of love!
Healer of hearts, which, by the enmity
And gall of man, are in their core bruised.
E'en punishment, proceeding from Thine hand,
Is as a medicine to the earth-bound soul,
That hath, in vanity and ignorance,
Placed all its treasures 'neath the changing moon,
On things which, like the gaudy clouds of eve,
Go, when night cometh, to be seen no more.—

O, ever let my spirit keep with Thee
Communion, in all places;—in my sleep
Be Thou the theme that occupies my dreams;

So, in the morning, when my eyes first glance
Upon the pleasant orb that fills the east
With glory, as a semblance of Thyself,
I may rise, and with my life and harp,
Full of subliming zeal and healthy thought,
Send forth my praise, in humbleness to Thee,
For my existence, Thy benevolence.

Wondrous, indeed, art Thou, fine mystery!
A marvel to exalted intellects!
The sainted companies,—the seraphim,
The crowned angels,—stars of Paradise,
Who drink the glory of its blessedness,
Fall low before Thee, in humility,
And supplicate for aid to view aright
The boundless wisdom, that is ever spreading
Thy light, for thought, for happiness, for love,—
For adoration, endless, like Thyself.

Friend! be that name alone reserved for Thee;
Too prostituted, when applied to man,
Who is an enemy unto himself,—
Who, for the madness of a moment, throws

Himself in utter ruin, woe, and death;—
How, then, can worldlings the delusion cherish,
That the fell creature—selfish, blinded man,
Can be entitled to th' endearing name,
Meet only unto One—the Everlasting—
The never-changing Friend of all who love Him.

Look in the world—behold His chosen flock,
Cradled in tempests, pelted by the rain,
Like outlaws, wand'ring o'er the thorny earth,
With the loud laugh of pride pursuing them.
Lament not them;—they have an inward joy
Not to be purchased,—one surpassing price;
Within the gloominess around them hurl'd,
(^b)A star is fixed, that guides them Heavenward,
From this dim prison-house of tears and guile;
And, from the fountain of eternal mind,
They quaff the knowledge of eternal things.

The Lord hath dowerd them; they are His people;
He smote them from the multitude in love:
Beauteous Palmers, in the Spirit dwelling!
Though on the earth,—your mansion is above;

Though here despised,—you are beloved above;
Though moneyless,—a mine immortal glows,
Brighter than diamonds, costlier than gold,
Or all the treasures of the gem-fraught east,
And glows for you:—'tis given by a Friend.

Look in the world—behold His enemies
Flourish, in earthly stations eminent,—
Sterile in mind, and wealthy but in dross.
I would forget them.

Though they've stricken me,
I breathe the goodwill of my heart upon them;
And should mine off'ring be repulsed with hate,
Be God my help, I will return them love.

COME, come, illuming come, all-filling soul!
Omnific-light of inspiration, come!
Scatter aroode the darkness of my thought,
The stars of glory, such as are in Heaven,
'Bove the mysterious wilderness of night,
Unnumber'd, shedding on the beauteous blue
Their overflow of golden purity;

Lighting the paths o'er which the angels walk,
With the fine spangles of intelligence,
Which have beguiled me to commune with them
In the quick language of the living Spirit;
And they have taught me to adore Thee,
And call Thee—FATHER!

I kneel before Thee,
On the perfections of these rugged thrones
Of desolation,—

I kneel before Thee!

MORTALITY:

A POEM SUNG IN SOLITUDE.

FIRST PART.

SCENE—SNOWDON.

I.

THE wind blows coldly, and the shower
Is falling on the mountain flower;
The weary birds are winging home,
After a long and stormy roam:
Each one floating, far away,
To dim wood, or ruin gray,
Where 'twill rest in ivied nook,
Lull'd to sleep by lonely brook,
That doth to the drowsy moon
Murmur aye its moving tune.
Far away they lessen still;
Would that man could quit his ill,
Like those creatures quit the shower
Falling on the mountain flower.

Sombre clouds are rolling o'er
The sky. 'Tis darker than before.
Heavier drops of rain are thrown
From the airy cisterns down.
Outstarting with a voice of wrath,
The thunder wars along its path;
And from above, on fiery wing,
Flies forth the golden lightning;
The clouds, touch'd by its sudden light,
An instant blaze intensely bright,
Then darken, like the rays of hope,
Which lit our early horoscope.

Oh, this will be a grievous night
To many a marr'd and wareless wight,
Who hath not wheresoe'er a shed
To shield a forlorn, aching head;
How will such luckless outcast ween
Of days he ne'er will view again,
The days which all have had,
When he smiled on a mother's knee,
While friends amused his infancy,
And made his young heart glad !

Will he not, as he museth o'er
The pleasing hours he knew of yore,
Wish he never had lived to be
The slave of sin and misery?—

Will he not ween how highly sweet
It were to leave dull earth behind,
And in the joyous regions meet
The gifted sons of song and mind?

Like one who's toss'd upon the wave,
'Tween Hope and Fear, man bears his being ;
This moment he is firm and brave,
The other he Despair is seeing ;
'Till tired out, and powerless,
He wears a cold and dreary dress,
All in the wormy grave.

'Tis so we voyage o'er the stream,
'Mid darkness, or 'neath Pleasure's beam ;
Day after day from time we borrow,
Hope often pointing to the morrow,
When Peace and Joy will come together
With sunny skies and summer weather,

And lead health-breathing Life along
Through fairy vales of mirth and song :
Thus, thus, the young heart blithely deems,

O that such deeming would endure !

Alas ! life is not what it seems

In youth's warm visions, bland and pure !

We wake as one at break of day,

Whose pleasant dreams dissolve away,

Holy dreams which earthward drew

Paradise before the view,

Then we behold the desert drear,

Earth's cold realities appear,

Those whom we loved away are rent :

All with the silent number blent :

Side by side—in dust and shroud—

Pale as the wan moon's lonely cloud,

That moves aroode the starry air,

'Till we trace its form no longer there.

Too many awake, as I have done,

Stricken in heart and wo-be-gone,

To breathe impassion'd thoughts, which spring

From the soul's own sorrowing—

Too many, alas ! awake like me,
 Grave of the calm, to sigh for thee.

* * * * *

Bard of Snowdon's tow'ring brow,
 On the hill why roamest thou,
 Whilst the storm is in the sky,
 And the thunder moaneth by ?

A spirit bore me through the air,
 From golden lands where I was born,
 Among a race as pure and fair
 As light of morn.

I recollect that fine abode,
 Its groves of flowers and fragrant trees ;
 There was nor death, nor tear that flow'd,
 Nor night, nor breeze.

The spirit bore me far away,
 I knew not well through where we past ;
 Long time, as in a trance, I lay,
 Which broke at last.

The spirit left me on a plain,
'Twas dark and a cold wind did blow ;
I felt upon my cheek the rain,
Cold, cold, also.

I heard the thunder of the cloud
Burst o'er the echoing hills afar ;
I heard the din of armies proud,
Array'd for war.

Oh, evil on the spirit be,
That left me on this place defiled !
'Twas then I first said, woe is me,
From rest exiled !

A care-struck wight came hieing by,
His frame was bent, his visage wan,
And he, with a shrill voice, did cry,
Oh, weep for man !

And ever he sighed piteouslye,
And ever he did wail and groan,
And ever in his hollow eye
The tear-drop shone.

His name was Life. Quite out of breath,
He ran for shelter from the storm ;
And with him came Disease and Death,
In shadowy form.

He took me 'mid his palsied hold ;
He called me his own foster child ;
He kissed me !—oh, that kiss was cold
As winter wild.

And on we went, o'er cliff and plain,
Through wood and dreary avenue,
Where blood had left its purple stain,
And poison grew.

War had been there, and mark'd his path
With many a corpse that gory lay ;
And dog and wolf, in sullen wrath,
Growl'd there, o'er human prey.

Oh, weep for man ! oh, weep for man !
Oh, weep for living man ! said he,
Whose frame was bent, whose face was wan ;—
We both wept piteously.

And on we went, o'er cliff and plain,
Through lands of many a deadly plant ;
And on we went, in tears and pain,
Along the vale of want.

Lo ! there I saw a father stand,
Sickly and pale, as pale may be ;
A mother sigh'd, on the bleak land,
With a starved babe on her knee.

And there I heard a maiden wail,
Lamenting of her heartless lover,
Who left her ruin'd to the bale
The grave alone could cover.

And there I saw, in sorrow rife,
A youth, all frenzied was his air—
In his weak hand he held a knife,
And by him lurked Despair.

Forsaken I am cast, said he,
Worn out in limb, in mind undone ;—
Oh, life, thou art a hell to me,
Thus woe-be-gone !

Is there no slumber after toil,
No draught to quench this burning brain ?
Must mortals, after earth's turmoil,
Feel thee again ?

The storms, which o'er the ocean ride,
Soon pass, in peace the waters lie ;—
“ O cease thy moan,” Despair replied,
“ Snatch rest and die.”

He fell—by his own hand he fell ;
I scream'd, and slumber from me flew ;
I woke—alas ! I need not tell,
To find the dream too true.

Since then I've wandered o'er the earth,
As one pain-stricken from his birth ;
Whose thoughts do never calmly sleep,
But day and night their toiling keep ;
As though below they brief would be,
And fitted for such destiny.

Yea, I have often trow'd, that I,

When scanning dim mortalitye,
Was destined for some other sphere,
Though erring chance had cast me here :
For is it not a primal law,
That kindred minds together draw,
Though dreary seas and mountains sever
The spirits doom'd to go together ;—
Though Fortune bid them keep asunder
Or Poverty's their life remaining,—
Though o'er their union deaf'ning thunder
Threatens the bolt's eternal paining,
The fire of the soul consuming
The body, ere the day of tombing,
That makes the earth a desert dwelling,—
 Poor life, like a lonely tree,
Whose wither'd leaves are sadly telling
 What they used to be,
Ere the frost and winds had blasted,
That which as the sunshine lasted
 On a wint'ry sea ?

Sweet breeze-like Poesy, to me,
Though loved by few thy wakings be,

Thou art as dear as thought or sight,
When glowing 'midst inspiring light.

I used once, in childhood's hours,
My company the mountain flow'rs,
To dream within their world I heard
Strange music, as their pale lips stirr'd,
And aye, I joy'd to list their line,
Because it savour'd much of thine.

Thou knowest, Hearer to my pray'r,
How oft thy bard hath stol'n from care,
To spend with thee the winter's night,
Beneath the full moon coolly bright ;
How oft I wished to go with thee,
And never more dull earth to see,
Whilst thou hast ta'en me for a while,
And soothed my passions with thy smile ;—
How oft I woke to tenfold pain,
To find me in this world again.

Shortly, thou saidst, I'll steer thy bark
Of life, from the waters chill and dark ;
And thou shalt go,

Where flowers blow,
Beneath a stormless sky,
Where the people recline,
In a trance divine,
On the bosom of Deity;
And there, with me,
Thou shalt hear and see
Of life and death the mystery,
 And quaff the living stream ;
Where the nightingale sings unceasinglye,
Where Joy wipes sorrow from the eye,
Where youth and beauty pass not bye,
 In the sun-beam,
That ruins the earthly cot and tower,
Withers the laurel and greenwood bow'r,
 Stagnates the river,
Unnerves the iron arm of power,
 Decays the quiver.

II.

THE recollection now comes 'fore my mind
Of a strange song, rude as the desert wind ;

I sung it when a solitary youth,
And riper years have proved to me its truth.

THE PHANTOM OF PLEASURE.

Oh ! there lies much upon my heart,
When I ween how the joys of earth depart ;
If we count them o'er at the close of day,
How many have we, how many have we ?
Some are gone, others ready to start,
And some are going for ever away.
Alack-and-shame ! wild man for thee,
Who chasest them, by passions pale,
As they fly with Delusion's gale ;
Oh hear to me ! oh hear to me !
There may be truth within the tale ;
Though visionary's every word
That's quaintly given by my chord,
Think o'er it much, and read it well,
Until thou seest through my spell.

How peacefully the Righteous travel on,

Though hedged around by many evil-doers,
Upon the narrow path that leads to bliss !
The Wicked are not happy in their joy ;
The Wicked are not peaceful in their rest ;
Nor wealthy, though with gold
Their palaces are built.

Their strength is not of power ;
Their magnificence,—their glory,—
Their flattering courtiers,—and their kneeling slaves,—
And all the honours paid them by the crowd,
Depart when they are wanted.
Even like the leaves of some proud tree they go,
Leaving to winter and destroying winds
The trunk they drew their sap from.
Ay, it is so !

How do they look around,
When they awake from their past dreams of pride ?
In the confusion of their wither'd hearts,
In the soul-agonies of scathing passion,—
Tormented by their self-devouring thought,
The worm endued with life that dieth not,

They look around with bootless rage,
Meagre and ruin'd, horrible and loathed !

The Wicked are not tranquil after death.
How drear must be their passage to the dark
And melancholy caverns of despair,
As down they plunge in the unbounded flood,
Whose burning is not quenched by time,
Nor everflowng tears !

How peacefully the Righteous travel through
The storms, which, in this peopled wilderness,
Sweep thousands from the proper way
That leadeth to the Land of rest—
The Kingdom of the soul !

* * * * *

The gorgeous lamps showered faintish light
Upon the polished marble walls,
Whose roof was lavishly o'erlaid with gold,
And studded o'er with brilliant diamonds,

Which overflowed with one sweet blaze of brightness,
That, like the stars in the holy firmament,
Illumed the things beneath,
Emblazonings rich, and imageries quaint,
With their mysterious and fairy beams.
The costly statues, formed of precious gems,
Seem'd living in their own-enkindled light,
As though within, Divinity
Had made its living shrine.

But where had gone the revellers,
And the finely fashioned forms of grace
Who had been dancing there ?
The damsels, unto whom were given
Complexions, like the virgin snow
Vermillioned by the blush of morn,
And shining in the light its offering—
Whose eyes were like the crystal lake,
That images the azure of the heavens,—
Deep, beautiful, and wild ?

Pleasure had waved her wand :
They had gone to the couches of Sin.

Unmoved I saw them dance—
I joined not with the revellers
To drain the heating cup ;—
So they left me in Temptation's hall,
And one came to me whom I loved ;
A melancholy grace was hers ;
By mutual feeling and necessity
We slept on the couch of Sin.

A voice spoke unto me,
An inward voice, commanding me to go :
But I considered myself as dreaming,
And unheeded the command.

Yet once again the voice
Commanded me to go—
I asked it whither ? and it said,
To the Land of life and rest—
The Kingdom of the soul :
But I considered myself as dreaming,
And unheeded the command.

The voice was silent then—

In tranquillity I slept,
Till terrific thunder convulsed the walls
Surrounding the couch of Sin—
And my limbs shook like the leaves of a tree
That the wayward wind blows on !
And I knew that I was not dreaming,
And arose to journey forth.

A Phantom stood in my path,
Lo ! from its mouth gushed burning flame
As it spake these magic rhymes :

**Thou hast fallen in my snare,
'Tis too strong for thee to tear :
Breathing man—his strength can never
Break my charm—my bindings sever.
I'll be here,—and thou be there,
Ever in my potent snare.**

I fell as a lifeless thing,
And falling, fervently I cried—
Where art Thou, O my God ?
Then, as the music of an angel's lyre,
This song of healing flowed :

I am upon my throne above,—
Upon the earth and upon the waters ;—
I am with all my creatures—even there ;—
But when I commanded to go thou doubted,
And obey'd the Fiend of darkness,
Whose ways, though seeming sweet,
End in the bitterness of mind,
That kills the soul for Hell.

So I in mercy opened thine eyes,
That thou might'st see the God thou worshipp'dst ;
And now thou callest upon me,
When thou by trial hast found out the need
Of Him who grants thee freedom.

I bid thee haste away,
Or else the city-gates will close
Ere thou hast gain'd the Land of life and rest,—
The Kingdom of the soul.

The charm of the Phantom was broken,—
With haste I journey'd on.

III.

I, in the calm of midnight,
A voice enchanting heard,—
A seraph from the isles of light,
Was singing like a bird ;
The Moon was in her cloud,
And the stars around her hung,
And thus that seraph sung
Delightfully aloud :

MARTYRS of an evil earth,
Hemm'd around with godless mirth !
Your years of toil are nearly done,
Time shall haste his travels on,
'Till the trial days have gone ;⁽ⁱ⁾
When the sword in dust shall lie,
Then your days of strife are bye,—
Then the humble shall arise
Rich in gold of Paradise ;
Minstrel's harp shall hang on high,
Bright in peerless purity,
Ever breathing heavenlye

Springs of Eden poesy,
Such as angels, from there sphere,
Shall with new-felt rapture hear,
And descend the skiey way,
Making sunnier the day ;
Whilst the seraphim will drop,
Sweet hymns from the horoscope,
'Till the angels reach the bowers
Of earth's unpolluted flowers.

Then the sainted bands shall call
All lands to their festival ;
Ev'ry country, far and near,
In one circle shall appear !
Friend with friend shall gladly meet,
And the stranger, stranger greet ;
Lover there join with the bride,
Who was sever'd from his side :
How unutterably sweet
They will then their vows repeat,
Whilst the cup of pleasure flows,
Like an even summer's river,
Over which the blithe sun throws

Splendour and enchantment ever.
 All beneath the eye of God,
 Peaceful as a child's repose,
 Dreaming in the holiest mood,
 Round the Throne of Truth's abode !

Dreams of joy perpetual
 Spreading their light over all—
 Light to make the heart rejoice,
 Both in spirit and in voice.

IV.

AGAIN I change my metre—and again
 My harp doth yield its wizard strain ;
 The night-wind sigheth deep and shrill ;
 The moon is up—the azure air
 Is spangled with a starry show'r !
 Lo ! every breathing thing is still,
 As though, dissolved in silent pray'r,
 They felt the prowess of the hour,
 And with meek humilitye
 Bent beneath the The One on high,

Whose eyes o'er us never close,
When awake, or when repose
Steals aroode our weariness,
And we feel not life's distress.
O how sweet exceedingly
It is thus alone to stand
On this solemn slumb'ring land,
Whilst the dead leaves wander by
With a moralizing sound,
Till the soul within us deems
Numerous spirits are around,
Lightsome as the moony beams
Gliding o'er the charmed ground!

V.

I HAVE in mountain solitude,
Where thought of man doth not intrude,
Heard those voices, which are said
To be the spirits of the Dead,
Singing their strange minstrelsy,
Underneath the haunted tree,^(k)
Whilt its leaves fell one by one,

Emblematic of the flight
Of souls doom'd unto death that night,
Each giving to the breeze a tone,
Such as oft is heard to spring
From the Dying's sorrowing.
Some were sear and some were green—
Just as in the world 'tis seen—
When Death grapples, young and old
Slumber in his icy hold.

THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

1.

THEY are dreaming in their bed-chamber,
With weeping kinsfolk by them ;
And the lamps of gold and amber
Are blazing like a gem,—
Their light shines o'er the Dreaming,
Whose eyes shall close for ever,
Ere the sun with glory streaming,
Illumeth land and river.

2.

A lover sits by his youthful bride ;
The hour shall come when they must sever ;
She hath promised to-morrow to stand by his side,
While the churchman unites them for ever.
As if gleam'd o'er by seraph's wings,
The future to their fancy springs ;
Every transport that can be,
To their mind to-morrow brings.
She hath vowed her constancy
Whom to-morrow ne'er shall see.
He hath gone and she hath sighed,—
Between them flows Death's freezing tide !
To its rest hath gone her soul,—
To-morrow, a dolesome bell will toll,
Saying, Ding-dong—maiden, come
To the village church-yard home.

3.

A king sits on a golden throne,—
His nobles are around him ;

And Beauty smiles on him alone,—
Her spell of power hath bound him.
The minstrel's harp is loud and free,
He sings of war and slaughter,
And how the brave wrought victory
In fields, where blood, as water,
From vanquish'd foeman's death-wounds pour'd,
While bright swords shone and cannon roar'd.

Why starts the king with visage wan ?
Why screams each fear-struck daughter ?
As they gaze on that crowned man,
Who turns above his haggard scan,
And fault'ring asks for mercy :
But asks in vain ; for the ghosts of the slain,
Upon him stare, and mar his pray'r ;
Shouting,—Thy day
Hath pass'd away !

Proud king, for thee
There is no rest in the land of the Blest,
Nor on the waters, nor on the earth,
Nor in the halls of feast and mirth,

Nor in the bowers of Beauty bright ;
We do decree,
For every one abyss of flame
Shall 'compass thee morn, eve, and night,
Thou cursed thing of wrath and shame—
Withouten hope, withouten aim—
Live, live, for ever live, and be
A burning Hell of agony.

4.

They slumber 'neath yon sorry sky,
A mother and her wearied child ;
The breeze doth chaunt their lullaby,
And we have all their grief beguiled.
They have gone beyond yon sorry skye,
To a land unseen by human eye,
There ages glide as moments bye,
And the folks in bodies of glory move
Around the throne of light and love.

VI.

By night so far I have aspired to sing,
Under the lustrous stars which spangle Heaven,
Forgetful of the midnight winds, which fling
The chilly rain athward these highlands wild,
Where rock o'er rock in savage grandeur piled,
Seem like the shaggy clouds, adorning even,
When their dark beauty is by lightning riven,
And tost in many a huge and angry form,
By the rude action of the bursting storm.

VII.

NATURE is Heaven, where man hath not displaced
The works of Heaven for the works of earth ;
God is among these mountains undefaced,—
These are his dwelling,—even in their dearth
There is a spirit saying,—they are heavenly,
Inhabited by thoughts which mortal birth
Cannot attain to—here then let me
Feed on the spirit : this is Eden-land,—
The genuine work of the Infinite hand.

Gift me, pure Spirit, with thy purity!
Vain were my search for happiness to come,
When I ascend to the sabbatum home,
If I can look upon Thee in this scene,
And not imbibe the weal that is to be,
When I am sever'd from this robe of pain,
And all of me that's earth's hath gone to earth
again.

Aye! there is Heaven in the mind, and this
Binds me in kinship to the works of Heaven,
And breaks relationship to earth——

Shall I

Bear love to that which shadows o'er my bliss,
And hath debased me into agony,
From that which I can feel I was, and am to be,
When Death hath sever'd me from earthly leaven?
But wherefore now excluded from the dower
Laid up for those who, whilst on earth, begin
To breathe the air of Eden—is there power
In mere clay, to cramp the soul within,
Its breathing slavery for one single hour?
O nay! I will not bow so low 'fore Sin,

To deem it hath such power.—The mind,
In Heaven, or on earth, will its Elysium find.

VIII.

THE clouds are in ten thousand fashions torn ;
Warm from a fount of glory springs the morn,
A world of golden fire ! the drowsy stream
Burns in the glitter of the sun-charged beam ;
The vale is full of glow ; each mountain's height
Wears a rich diadem of fairest light.
Altars of God ! unstain'd by crime or blood,—
Holy and pure, surviving storm and flood,—
You are not changeable like him of clay—
Man and his works before you pass away.
Eternal Altars ! on whose rocks I kneel,
Entranced, and feeling what the sainted feel ;
Though deem'd a cipher among men—though cast
Like a lone leaf upon the shiv'ring blast,
Still am I joyous whilst on you I gaze,
Life of my life, and vigour of my lays !
'Tis here my spirit breathes celestial air,
And tastes the Heaven by mortals placed elsewhere.

IX.

I have descended from the mountains pure,
To mix unbending with the human kind,
And by that slight communion, to endure
The penalty for having heaved my mind
To higher knowledge, than with man I find
Accounted wisdom,—it is good that he,
God hath beheld it, hath so smitten me;
Sorrow hath taught me how to suffer, and—
Forgive, but though forgiving, stand
A stranger 'mid the tribes of this defiling land.

Alas for hope, that dreams of peace on earth!
Alas for friends of mortal birth!
Here hope aye turneth to despair,
And friends flee at approaching shower,
And leave young Faith in wint'ry air,
To perish 'mid the glooms which lower,
As in the ice-blast doth a flower.

I see a wretch o'er yon heath straying,
With scarce a vest his cold limbs hiding;—

On he strayeth undelaying,
With the winds around him gliding ;
His face turned to the pitying sky,
He looks not on the passer by,
Who looks on him, and laughinglye,
With heart of earth, and feelings gone,
Mocks the poor wretch, and whistles on.

Poor wretch ! he once had friends beguiling,
Like Sin beguiling infancye,—
Hope sat upon his cradle smiling,
Like the bow 'mid sunshine high ;
And as that vanishing bow it fled,
When the last ray of sunshine's shed.

And not a friend hath he remaining,
Except the One who is above ;—
He strayeth onward uncomplaining,
Like a toil'd, belated dove,
O'er a sea—in wind and raining—
Far from all that it doth love.

Hie thee onward, wretched one ;

Thy palmerage is nearly done ;
Hie thee onward, God hath known thee,—
Commissioned each blast that hath blown thee,—
Stricken thee, but to awake thee,—
Humbled thee, that He may take thee.

X.

AGAIN, returning from the crowd, I seek
Companionship amid the solitude
Of unfrequented rocks and mountains rude,
On whose proud summits Deity doth speak
The oracles, which, in the olden days,
Were understood by saint and prophet-bard,
Who trod a thorny path for Truth's reward,
And shed across the world's belated ways
A mental splendour—

There are mysteries,
Which it were wisdom to find out, and are
Concealed from us by impurities,
Which bind us to our native dust, and mar
Our rank in the creation—else why is it
That man hath fallen from the loveliness

Which did attract the angels to caress
And converse with him?

Ages flit,
And he, whom once an inward knowledge lit,
Hath now become on Earth's fair face a blot,
Herding with beings void of all endeavour,
That from the ancient tree of life can sever
The fruit of godliness—

Man, man hath not
The image, as of old, that came from Heaven ;
He hath built for himself a Babel tower,
And fill'd it with his gods, to whom are given
Worship, and sacrifice, and kingly power.

XI.⁽¹⁾

REARER of towers on baseless sands,
Where columns, raised by perish'd hands,
Do tell thee all thy piles shall pass
In with'ring winds, like blades of grass,—
Look upon all that hath gone before,
The pride of creatures like thee of yore,
Then look to what thou callest thine,

Which, ere to-morrow, shall be no more ;
And think on thyself and wonder not,
That they shall be when thou art forgot ;
And other creatures shall gaze them on,
And stand o'er the dust of their rearers gone,
Long before their works so vain,
To endless bliss or endless pain.

XII.

LAUD, laud to Him, who gave delicious sight,
That I may, warm'd by thee, thou marv'llous sphere
Of the good Spirit's glory, wisdom, light,
Behold thy face, as now thou dost appear !
I could bow down in adoration here,
And proffer prayers to thee—thou art so bright—
So like a palace of the Infinite—
So like the Omnipotent in all thy ways,—
Walking unchanging through the boundless clime
Companionless—with unexhausted rays,
Blessing the earth—whilst all things fade away,
Thou, God-like, goest on with mighty Time,
Unalter'd in thy lustre—

In lust and appetite its days roll on,
A stranger to the finer sympathy,
That strengthens it to blend in unison
With the good ways of Providence, and rise
Above all common dust to God's sublimities.

The lovely Bow 's thy child, that, in the hour
For musing, bends o'er the descending show'r,
Well known to us, a gentle messenger,
Sent after storm to calm our faithless fear—
On the proud Living, and the lowly Dead,
With equal warmth thy golden streams are shed.
Adieu! thou goest—thousands lit by thee,
Never again thy pleasing light shall see—
Yet thou wilt rise o'er mountain, wild, and river,—
And they shall rise—when thou hast set for ever.

XIII.

WOULD that my theme were immortality;
This frail Harp woken to reality;—
The haunting shadows, nursing doubts so rife,
Vanish'd for ever from the scene of life;—

Death left for ever as a stingless thing ;—
The soul uprisen on an angel-wing,
Within a realm, from bale and sin secure,
Peopled with beings as devotion pure,—
Where the rapt spirit, freed from daily strife,
Soars in the fulness of congenial life !

Sweet are our dreams and rising thoughts of thee,
E'en when enjoy'd midst stern mortality ;
Though we are forced to feel the contrast deep
Of things we vision'd in the arms of sleep,
When to our sight an evil people rise,
And call our thoughts from thee, sweet Paradise !

So wakes the minstrel from the groves of song,
Where Genius bore him paths of light along,
Looks on a world who mar his fairy measure,
And rudely blight his sole and flow'ry treasure.
Happ'ly a very few are doom'd to know
That draught of poison—that distracting woe—
The flippant censure which is coldly shed
Upon a heart that hath too often bled.
Oh ! could the world e'er know the feeling brain,

So finely formed, so close allied with pain,
Given to him who breathes th' impassion'd line,
And makes his page a register divine
For thoughts, which take from Heaven inspired birth,
And seem as Eden-visitants on earth,
The minstrel ne'er would heave his sacred moan,
Nor love to live in solitude alone.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

MORTALITY:

A POEM SUNG IN SOLITUDE.

INNER PART.

SCENE—SNOWDON.

I.

The bay of the dog is heard afar,
The winds his pleasant dreamings mar;
The eastern clouds are red and bright;

Each virgin star
Is beaming in the breast of night:

O Song, it is thine hour!
The voice of the world is calm and still;
The baying dog, and the breeze of the hill,
The flow of the stream, and the fall of the rill,
Have now a pow'r.

Let the minstrel wakened be;
Let him learn the minstrelsy,

That is now upon the air,
Meet for ear of angel fair ;
Let him look on yonder sky,
And his thoughts heave all as high,
Until its divine expanse
Charm the soul in holiest trance,
That she may with rapture know
The bland sphere, the stars above,
That contains the meek and low,
'Mid thy mild embraces, Love.

Where the clouds are bright and red,
Behold, the moon is rising slow,
As if ashamed to leave her bed,
Through her nightly walk to go :
O'er the mountain's barren brow,
O, how sweet she riseth now !

'Twas within a night like this
I slept on a precipice,
And the sheen of Eden came
Streaming o'er my mortal frame ;—
'Round the holy firmament,

Two mysterious bows were bent ;
And, if right I give them name,
One was Blood—the other Flame :
Them between a causeway went,
Narrow, yet magnificent.

On the bow I deem'd of blood,
One huge angel praying stood :
Tears unceasingly it wept,
And unceasingly it kept
Shouting, Enter, enter in,
Free from taint and free from sin !
Which was answered ever again,
By a voice that said—Amen !

On the bow of flame was One,
Like to what I may not say ;—
Love and Mercy round Him shone ;
Multitudes beneath Him lay,
Who, with arms uplifted, said,
Father of the Quick and Dead !
To Thy bosom take Thine own
From their labour and distress.

Then, O God ! I saw the Throne,—
Never seen by mortal eyes,—
In perspective, numberless
Towers and temples did arise,
Dazzling midst their gorgeousness,
Fashion'd in unearthly guise.

Much and long I marvelled,
With a sense of joy and dread ;
For I knew the land within my scan
Was not the dwelling of graceless man ;—
It seem'd so near, I heard the clock
Click, that's on the golden rock,
And the far bells' celestial chime,
That hails the Just from the land of time.

The Throne I saw was of dazzling stone,
Like crystal that the sun shines on,—
From thereof a river flowed,
Self-illumed it ever glowed,
And it laved through peaceful vale and plain,
'Till it lost itself in the Throne again.

This river of glory, so fair and still,
Sin cannot pass, nor human ill,—
Night never fell o'er that cloudless air,—
Storm never broke o'er the calm that's there,—
Death never breathed o'er the face of its youth,—
Cold never froze o'er its warmth and truth,—
Time hath not alter'd its form or hue ;—
Ages have nought with it to do.
Changeless, eternal, deep and clear,—
A living soul of the angel sphere,
O'er which the Spirit of God doth move,
Clothed in wonder, power, and love ;—
This river of glory, so void of strife,
Is called the Stream of Immortal Life.

A number of seats around the Throne
I saw, and martyrs sat thereon,—
Each seat was amethyst,⁽ⁿ⁾ inlaid
With emerald^(o) of lightest shade.
The amethyst was stained with blood,
And, hard by, golden vials stood,
From which an odorous incense came
To the One I saw on the bow of flame.

Now, every nation, clime, and tongue,
At the foot of the Throne their raiment flung ;
And every lip breathed forth a pray'r
For the love of those in the vale of care,—
Nurslings of sorrow, who sprang from the womb,
Palmers who grieve on their way to the tomb,—
Children of error, conceived with sin,
Bruised of body, and soil'd within.
Their prayer ascended—

O, Heaven could hear
No melody it held so dear
As the closing words, which were heard to say,
Father, remember Thy work of clay !

And there was silence the realm throughout ;
And a rain-bow bent the Throne about,
O'er which was traced with a hand of light,
“ Blessed are they who walk aright !
“ The sun shall fade, and the stars decay,
“ River and hill shall waste away,
“ The sinner shall wail, and the wood shall burn,
“ The pride of the earth shall to dust return,—
“ But the Weary shall rest 'neath the golden rock,
“ In the Eden of Edens,—a cleansed Flock.”

Then to lute and dulcimer
Woke the hymns of jubilee ;
Mortal tongue would sin and err
To repeat those hymns again ;
Not for human ear were they,
Nor for human minstrel's strain.

Bruised Harp, though now thou moanest here,
And he, who owns thee, sheds a tear ;
Upon these hills, where thee I found,
Enchanted with thy fairy sound ;
Upon these hills of giant form,
Haunted aye by sun or storm,
The free breeze will waft thy song
From the hoary shepherd's tongue ;
And the sylvan maid, asleep
By ebb brook or river deep,
Will, with fervency, perchance,
In her dreaming o'er thee glance,
And thy numbers loud repeat ;
How her heart shall heave and beat,
Longing for the Land divine,
Vision'd in thy burning line !

As that Land upon her gleams,
Lo! she wakes in joy's excess,
To regret her brightest dreams
Leave her in life's wilderness.

I trow'd I sprung midst slumber sweet,
The forms which have passed through death to greet,
As they descended the causeway steep,
Which led to where I lay asleep :
That causeway steep to heaven went,
Narrow, yet magnificent.

The wond'rous vision before me remaining,
In grandeur, and beauty, and glory was gaining ;
The sheen of the towers, uplifted in light,
Was brighter than levin that flashes by night,
With unutterable hue,
Through a cloudy avenue.
There the city of the Blest
In its fulness stood confest,
With its many bowers of bliss,
Meet for those whose home it is ;

Laurell'd souls, who once had sighed,
Deathless now, and glorified,
Underneath a sapphire sky,
To which night came never nigh,
Stood around, each hand in hand ;
Twice ten thousand there did stand,
And gave honour to the name
Of the One who sat on the bow of flame.

I gazed to my right, and there, behold,
An angel stood on a cloud of gold ;
It had descended the causeway steep
That led to where I lay asleep.
The cloud that angel stood upon,
Self-moved, me-wards kept gliding on.
And a strange Book was open spread,
Out of which the angel read—
Read aloud that all might hear
Who were living far and near.
So I marvelled much at the mighty scene ;
What could such marvellous objects mean ?
In wonder lost, I strove to break
From slumber, but I could not wake.

I gazed again, and lo! I spied
The angel, who stood on the cloud, by my side.

Heaven and earth grew calm and still,
As the angel spake to me,
Saying, "Mortal, to fulfil
"Thy long wish, I come to thee;
"Thou shalt hear, and thou shalt see
"What was, and what is, and what is to be!"

Once more, the distant bells were rung,
To the hymns seraphim sung;
While the angel breathed o'er my mortal frame,
Which, as a thing of mind became;
Like one who goes in dreaming sweet,
I felt no ground beneath my feet;
I gazed below, but I saw no land,—
And away I went in the angel's hand.

Then ceased the distant bells their ringing,—
The holy seraphim their singing;
Softly died each dulcet tone
O'er the realms to man unknown.

Lo! all I saw, as it were, through haze,
 Diminished dimly on my gaze.
 The stars ceased in their bowers to burn;
 The comet's wild and blazing urn,
 Together with the moon's mild ring
 Of light were quench'd.

The outstretched wing
 Of night o'ersadow'd sky and globe,
 And darkness 'closed them like a robe.
 And I bethought me of the number,
 Which mortals call the Quick and Dead,
 They were alike in magic slumber,
 Midst darkness, utter darkness laid:
 The difference what?

The living head
 May wake again, from Death to borrow
 A few short days of toil and sorrow—
 "Cease, cease!" the attendant angel said;
 "And o'er yon vision cast thy scan;
 "The vale, thou seest, is that of Strife,—
 "The river, thou seest, is that of Life;
 "Let Thought think o'er them whilst she can,
 "And all thou seest unfold to man!"

I gazed on the river—it made no stay—
And it went with Time in its course away;
And I saw many vessels of frailty and pride,
And headlong they swept with the roaring tide.
That tide swept on to the shore of death
Eternal, as the Spirit saith,
Where the Wicked consume not,—where the worm
is fed
On the soul and the brain of the living Dead.

Again the Book was opened,
Out of which the angel read;
Read aloud that all might hear
Who on board those vessels were.
And each word the angel spoke,
On their ears like thunder broke;
Thrice was cried, “Return, return!
For you the people of Eden yearn!”
Thrice a light from Heaven fell
O’er sin’s dark and treacherous spell;
But the human vessels of frailty and pride,
Unheedingly swept with the roaring tide.

O, right gaily, on they went,
Drunk with joy and merriment ;
Revelry, and dance, and feast,
And the sounds of pleasance never ceas'd.
Brides, lovers, matrons, and old men gray,
All upon board those vessels were gay.

Then the angel spake and said,—
“ Vengeance shall not be delay'd!”
And, as it spake, the Book was bound
With an iron chain around;
And a seal was placed thereon,
Which as burning fire shone.

A storm uprose, where the vessels sail'd;
The waters boil'd, and the Sinners wail'd;
Sigh mocked sigh. 'Twas sad to see
So many wrecks of agony;
And sad to see the tears which ran
As the endless gnashing of teeth began;
And the hollow eye, that ceased to roll,
Through which the inward burnings stole.
Each tried to speak, but their words did press

From their lips confused and meaningless.
“Have mercy!” at length they did declare,
“On our dying soul’s despair!”

To which the angel answered,
“Vengeance may not be delay’d ;
“Even as you mercy show’d,
“Unto you it is bestow’d!”

As so it spoke, the Book that was bound
With an iron chain around,
Fell precipitous with wrath
On the Sinners’ grievous path.
The ’raged waters rush’d asunder,
And the vessels plunged under—
One wild shriek, and all was over!
Bride, and matron, eld, and lover,
Ever from existence banished,
Into utter darkness vanished!

Sinner! this may to thee seem
Crazy minstrel’s idle dream,
Mere wanderings of mind,
Untame as the mountain wind,

Lightsome as the foam, we gaze
As it with the river strays;
Yet I would that thou should'st look
On the world as on a book :
Mark the life of man, the proud,
From his cradle to his shroud;
Be not sway'd by garish show,
Scan his heart, and scan his brow,—
Then thou wilt a dream behold
Similar to what I've told;
Which should ever with thee dwell
In thy spirit's inner cell ;
Lest, like those, whom late I spied,
Passing with the roaring tide,
Thou shouldst call for Mercy's favour
When it is denied for ever !

The scene was changed. I saw with fright,
A river in a world of night;
The thunder growl'd through the heavy rain,
That fell like stones in the boiling plain;
And fiery storms of purple and blue
Blazed 'long the heavens' dark avenue,

Which show'd the moody waves' turmoil,
Foaming beneath with eternal toil ;
And my heart, as in death, wax'd dull and chill,
Before that restless whirl of ill.

A Star shone in the sombrous air ;
Bard never vision'd a thing so fair,—
Of purest light 'twas a living spring,
O'er the great deep wandering :

Sole guide it shone

To those upon

The waters beaten,—weak and lone.
The lightnings flash'd ! I deem'd to show
Their savage joy in the grief below ;
Or wilder, if they could, with fear,
The Chosen of the upper sphere :
But O ! that true, unchanging Star,
A pledge of love from lands afar,
Graciously pour'd a shower of gold
O'er the waves austere in mould,—
Neither cloud nor darkness could
Mar its ever-cheering mood.

Like a seraph, 'mid the gloom
Closing o'er a peaceful tomb,
That doth wait to lead the Just
From their sullen home of dust,—
In the hemisphere it stood,
Near the bow I saw of blood,
Where the praying angel wept,
And perpetually kept
Shouting, Enter, enter in,
Free from taint, and free from sin!
Which was answered ever again
By the voice that said "Amen."

O Blessed Star! tongue may not tell
The tale of those thou loved'st so well!
The tide rush'd against them—they sped their way;
Monsters snatch'd at them—they fell not their prey;
The winds fought against them—all, all was vain.
As blossoms on the breeze of May,
Though heavily pour'd the hail and rain,
The much-beloved Palmers went
Through the death-charged element.

Their turmoils vanish'd in the thought
Of the rest that's found when sought :
That what sorrow round them lay
Would, ere morning, pass away,
Like a cloud that's chased from day,
By the wind, whose gusty sway
Goes before the sun's first ray.

Or, as fabric raised on sand,
By the craft of mortal hand,
When the torrents 'neath it boil,
With one raging spell of toil,
And the strong One in its halls
Shakes the battlements and walls,
'Till, like man, the fabric falls,
And by waves away is borne ;
Showing, all that's raised by morn
Shall the call of Time obey ;
Even as the worker's clay,
Blending with the things ago
From the earth ; felt, seen by none ;
They are as lights which never shone,
As dreams undreamed, as winds unblown ;

Shadows of phantasies unknown,
Which fancy weens of when alone——

Oh, I forgot—I'm hurried along
By the wild impulse of my song :
Yes ; I forgot—my theme should be
Of the wanderers toiling drearily.

A voice was heard—one of command :
The affrighted waters made a stand ;—
From the Star it seem'd to flow,
As 'twas echoed to and fro ;
Whilst the praying angel wept,
And perpetually kept
Shouting, Enter, enter in,
Free from taint, and free from sin !
And the voice that soothed the boiling plain,
Answered, and said, “ Amen ! Amen ! ”

Where had the weary Palmers gone,
Whom the rain and hail pour'd on ?
They had gone beneath the wave,
To which the Star its image gave !

Peaceful was their death, and mild
As the slumbers of a child !
Was there wail or sorrow heard ?
'Twas only the rising bubble that stirr'd,
Like a hollow sigh, or smother'd word,
Which would have said, or seem'd to say,—
“ Thus the Righteous pass away ! ”

Then was heard a distant knell
Tolling like a passing bell ;
From a tower in the cloud,
Speaking of the cold, cold shroud.
It toll'd mournfully aloud
O'er the stagnant pall of death,
That the Weary slept beneath ;
Which turn'd suddenly a flood—
Red as was the bow of blood.

Guardian Angel ! who was he,
Girt in power and majesty,
Who upon the waters there,
In the attitude of pray'r,
Had the flag of Peace unfurl'd

For a dark imprisoned world;
By whose charm the billows grew
Like those Israel passed through,^(p)
As the Heaven of Heavens' clock,
Station'd on the golden rock,
Struck the hour, loudly, deep,
That awoke the Palmers' sleep?

Who was He? ask not of Earth,
Or she'll tremble at His name;

Speak not of His life and birth,

When before her sons He came;

Speak not of the body torn,—

Of the cross, and crown of thorn,—

Of the purple robe, and sneer;—

Speak not of the scourge and spear.

Who was He? ask Heaven above:

Hark! it answers,—Truth and Love!

Truth and Love assumed the form

Of the Star amid the storm,—

Visited a people lost,—

Comforted the tempest-tost,—

Soothed the waters into peace,—
Bade the aching heart to cease.

Sing, thou Church, the Throne about !
Strike the harp ! with gladness shout !
Sing, thou Church, that dwell'st within
Contrite spirits—cleansed of sin !—
Sing the new and pleasant song,
As the hail and thunders strong !

Blessed is our City-ground !
Blessed are its walls around !
Blessed are its skies so calm !
Blessed are its groves of palm !
But more bless'd the flock who there
Range beneath the Shepherd's care !

They saw Him ! what did they behold ?
A sight surpassing all seen of old—
By sacred Bard, whose gifted eyes
Were wont on holiest things to gaze,
In dreams revealing prophecies
Which came to pass 'mid after days.

They saw Him—they saw Him face to face !
The healing balm of a sin-stung race !
And those His beloved, in their raiment of white,
Shining as stars in the bosom of night,
Adoring fell before the Form
Who woke them to life from the home of the worm.

E'en as a shepherd counts his flock,
When morning o'er the hills hath broke,
So did that Spirit-Shepherd name
From the Book of Heaven each sainted soul ;
According to their just degree
In goodly knowledge, each became
Brighter and brighter, till the whole
At length, through lustre, seem'd to be
A glorified mass of divinity,
Too intense for eye of man,
As on earthly things, to scan.

Moreover, the Most Holy One
Blent with them in unison,
And with the omnific arm
Pointed earthward, thus did say,—

“Death! where is thy thralling charm?

“Serpent! where thy plotted harm?

‘Where, O Grave! thy clay?’”

The sun went by, the moon turn'd red,

The stars fell like a summer shower,

The ancient dwelling of the Dead

Shook, as with an earthquake's power;

And lo! the world of darkness pass'd

Like a phantom on the blast!

Now the vision I saw first

Did upon my spirit burst;

And the space that from earth unto glory lies

Was thronged with the Great of Paradise.

For ever worshipped be that hour,

O memory renews it now!

I would not for a monarch's dower

That it should from remembrance go!

Old age upon this beaten brow

May turn these locks like wint'ry snow;

My days may be as they have been,
Dark, cold, austere, and shelterless;
But ever, till I am not seen
Where sin destroys and men distress,
Shall that bright hour, of all flash'd by,
Live sacred in my heart and eye,
For I have deem'd that it was sent
Through grace and loving-kindness blent,
To show, though man's forsaken here
By kindred, in the days of fear,
There are, in the upper country,
A people who are ever nigh !

“ Arise unto your Father's Throne ! ”
Said the meek and lofty One ;
“ Arise ! arise ! ” re-echoed loud,
From the waters, shore, and cloud ;
“ We come ! we come ! ” from the sainted rushed ;
“ We come ! we come ! ”—then all was hushed,
Save the lute and dulcimer,
Play'd by those who cannot err.

SPIRIT of eternity !
Maker of dry land and sea,
Beneath whose pervading eye
Hearts of nations open lie!
Thou hast known the mind of these
Whom we bring from storm and breeze.
Fountain of all holiness !
Shield in peril and distress !
Helper in the hour of need !
Friend of friends in word and deed !
We are coming home to Thee,
Spirits of Eternity !

These we bring with us to dwell,
Thou hast treasured long and well ;
Thou hast led them from their birth
Through the thorny ways of earth ;
Thou hast loved them,—made them Thine,
By a sacrifice divine ;
And in taintless purity
They are coming home to Thee,
Spirits of Eternity !

So the lute and dulcimer,
 Play'd by those who cannot err,
 Hymn'd, as joyously ascending
 With the offspring of the dead,
 'Till the doors of Heaven, extending,
 Over all their glory shed,
 And received the Palmers bright
 To the Throne of hallow'd light,
 'Round which the immortal river,
 Self-illumed, is darken'd never,
 And the great and sumless number,
 Who are wearied not, nor slumber,
 Shout to Thee, Lord God, All-Giver,
 Worship be for aye and ever.

II.

Such the dream, in night like this,
 I dream'd on the precipice ;
 And another comes to me,
 That, in sooth, I can't forget ;
 Though 'twas dream'd in infancy,
 It lives with my spirit yet.

III.(9)

I trow'd a wizard of the wild,
Said to me, "Come hither, child."
And when I went, he took me up
Within his arms, and bore me far,
Until we came to his desert hut,
In a land so strange it can have no par.
He bade me drink from his own cup,
By the Queen of fairies cut
Wonderously round about,
With rare figures in and out.

As I drank the wizard's wine,
From Imagination's vine,
I felt within a pleasant heat,
And the wizard said, "My spell's complete
" And thou art mine !
" Whilst thy pulse of life doth beat,
" Whilst thy soul retains her seat,
" In hall and in bower,
" The spell shall be o'er thee ;
" In sunshine and shower,
" It shall lie before thee."

And now I thought I stood upon
A rock up-jutting from the deep—
The wizard of the wild was gone.
And though I tried—I could not weep ;
And though I wish'd—I could not sleep ;
A thousand thoughts were in my brain,
All confused and full of pain.
I heard the strong winds past me sweep ;
I saw the billows foam and leap ;
Nought else could I see or hear,
Save the weeds on the rock, and they shook through
 fear :
'Those weeds, as though with frost, were white :
'Twas the brine left o'er them by yesternight,
Which told me the rock was a place unmeet,
As the tide came in, for human feet.
What now I saw was strange and new—
A maid with a boat was close in view ;
Unlike a thing of this frail land,
That curious boat was not form'd by hand ;
And the one who stood at the side of its prow,
Was female above and fish below ;

And, waving her foam-white arm to me,
This device in song sung she:—

In this boat thou must be going
Over the sea,
Aidless of rowing,
'Twill sail well with thee.

Through wind, storm, and night,
It will bear thee on ;
And rain shall not light
On thee in it lone :

Though everywhere falling,
It shall not fall on thee ;
Though thunders be bawling,
Unscar'd thou shalt be ;

Though thunder-stones flashing
Are hurled around thee,
Though with the waves clashing,
They shall not astound thee.

No power shall charm thee ;
No magic shall bind thee ;
No evil shall harm thee
Before nor behind thee ;
And a spirit shall warm thee,
And cold shall not find thee ;
And the spirit's from Heaven,
That's unto thee given,
'Twill never forsake thee
By night, morn, or even ;
But guide thee and take thee
To where the Good shall caress thee,
And love thee, and bless thee.

IV.

OH, Sorrow, thou hast chased me from my birth ;
Thou shadow'd'st o'er my childhood's morn of mirth ;
Taught'st my young soul a strange delight to form
In the hoarse uproar of the wint'ry storm,
Whose darkened clouds, within their various strife,
Pictured the moody scenes of cheerless life,
Until the lightning of the pregnant mind

Blazed into song, and wander'd unconfin'd,
Like emanations of a lonely star
Which wander from their vivid urn afar,
And to the eyes of gazing mortals seem
Touch'd by thy pale and melancholy beam !

Earth's not the element for those who feel
The impassion'd spirit's uncontrouling zeal,
That heaves them heavenward on ideal ground—
A realm unknown to those who hem them round.
The common crowd with common minds unite—
Genius, alas ! is oft too strange a light,
From which they turn, and kneel not to its shrine,
'Till fashion deems it—what it is—Divine ;
Hence, whilst on earth, the Bard is oft denied
All, save neglect from ignorance and pride ;—
His meed and wreath are left to deck his bust,
When nations weep above his lifeless dust.

V.

CHILD of the Harp, 'if in the heart there be
One pulse of feeling, it will beat for thee !

The simple hind when day is gone,
Calls the bland eventide his own,
And sinks deliciously in rest,
'Till cock-crow, with a thoughtless breast:—
But thou, whose soul is borne along
The ambrosial groves of 'witching song,
At setting or at rising sun,
Thy pleasing toil is never done.

There comes a voice within the midnight wind,
That calms the feelings of thy harrow'd mind ;
There comes sweet thought along the hill and lea,
That links thy soul with its eternity ;—
O'er vale and mountain, wood and desert waste,
The image of thy kindred spirit's traced:
Which makes thee ween, how bless'd the earth

in youth,

When men and angels walk'd with Love and
Truth,—

Ere tyrants rose the Reign of Peace to mar,—
Ere Hell taught mortals in the craft of war,
That made the weak before the stronger how,
And render'd earth—what we behold it now.

Can He, who seeth all, forsake His child,
Cast 'mong the Evil on life's sorry wild ?
List ye, who suffer, 'tis for you I sing
This parable, to soothe your sorrowing.

VI.

I WOKE from solitude, to wander through
A wilderness of universal woe :
Sun seldom shone aroode its dreary face ;
'Twas cursed by Heaven with darkness, death,
disgrace ;
On dolorous cliffs the trees disorder'd grew ;
The sullen cypress, and the mournful yew ;
The ivy fearful, that lowly creeps ;
The wat'ry willow that for ever weeps :
All loudly spoke of evils which deform
This waste of winter and continuous storm.

And there were many toiling multitudes,
Who dug the soil, and built their frail abodes ;
For sustenance they roam'd the savage wood—
Each sought for self against the general good—

Reckless of all, save gorging appetite,
They toil'd by day to revel through the night.
They founded altars on their guilty land
For festival and feast ; a numerous band
There held their mirth, and bent the drunken
knee—

Not unto God—unto idolatry !—

And whosoe'er refused that rite to pay
Was doom'd to fall the burning altar's prey.

Applauses rung from the deluded crowd ;
Thousands before the senseless idols bow'd ;
Yet some by threats unawed, upheld by grace,
Refused communion with that blinded race,—
And they were bound before the altars' fire,
That they may change their faith, or for that faith
expire.

Behold, the Presence of the One Most High,
On mighty pinions of huge winds pass'd by,
And swept the fires in His wrath away—
The altars fell, their ruins scattered lay !

VII. (r)

WITH a prophetic glance I view unseal'd
The scrolls of fate, by Heaven itself reveal'd :
Light shines upon them, as it used of old,
When gifted Seers, the future saw, and told.

High on yon mount there grows an oak,
That long hath baffled every stroke
Of winter, time, and hail, and flood,
For it was nourish'd by human blood ;
And its branches have gone over shore and sea,
And fowls lodge therein from a far country :—
But at its root a worm doth eat,
And at its head a storm doth beat ;
And ere of summers three times ten
Have visited the walks of men,
Monarchs three shall wear the shroud ;
Then woe to him that wears the crown,
For a Lion shall roar in his path aloud,
And hurl the oak of England down.

An acorn, from that ancient tree,
Hath fallen, and is taking root ;
And a golden age shall see
Heavenward its branches shoot ;
A bland sky shall shine upon it,
As an omen from above,
That the Holy One doth own it,
Meet partaker of His love.
Angels shall be station'd round it,
From the storms its stem concealing—
Though the thunder's o'er it pealing,
Lightning shall nor scorch, nor wound it,
For the Lord Himself hath bound it
With a shield that nought can sever—
Lo ! His people shall assemble
'Neath the branches of its glory,
Spotless sheep they shall resemble,
Singing their good Shepherd's story,
Who hath wash'd them in the river,
And redeem'd their souls for ever.

What is the world's religion now,
Save heartless craft and pompous show?^(s)

Each sect's at war with one another ;
E'en brother differeth with brother ;—
The office of the Priesthood's bought
And sold—earth's honour solely sought—
God's Temple and His Name defiled,
And Christ continually reviled ;
Yea, and betray'd, as when of old
Iscaiot gave him up for gold.
Such is Religion now. The one
That first within Judea shone,
We find not with the multitude,
Or those of high and haughty mood.
The apostolic race have gone,
Those humble, pure, and holy men,
Who lived for Truth and God alone,
Despising pomp, and loving foes :
O when will earth behold again,
Such characters as those ?

The streams which from the ocean run,
Lose all the savour of the brine ;
The beams which wander from the sun,
Have less and less of warmth divine

The farther that they leave behind

The fountain of their heat.

Spirit ! whose temple is the mind,

Send forth Thy voice to animate

The stupor of mankind !

Let not Thy living thunders sleep ;

Let not Thy lightnings lifeless keep ;

No longer let Thy children weep,

Whilst foes of Thine rejoice ;

Speak !—and Thy bidding will be done ;

Speak !—and Thy foes are overthrown ;

Speak !—and a faithless world will own

The wonders of Thy voice.

VIII.

FROM thy rude haunt the rocks and hills among,

Come, thou pure Spirit of soul-stirring song !

Shake off thy glowing plumes, the fairy light,

Revealing treasures hid from Folly's sight :

Thoughts which will profit in the coming hour,

When living man shall wither as the flow'r,

Whose day of bloom hath ever hied away,
And left it to the canker worm a prey.

IX.

ON a bleak and sullen shore,
In a dream that grieved me sore,
I was cast, unshelter'd, bare ;—
Shudd'ring in the win'try air,
Stood wild Fear's disorder'd form,
Watching the up-bursting storm.

It is misery to me,
Others' misery to see,
And where'er I turn'd my eye,
All I saw was misery.

Terror, which no words can tell,
O'er my restless spirit fell ;
And I said, if there be rest
On the cool grave's popped breast,
O 'twere sweet, from earthly harm,
There to sleep in dreamless charm !

I am wearied, toil'd, and spent,
Tired of this element.

Hark! a death-wind, from the sea,
Hurried by full suddenly ;
And a voice, from out the storm,
Spoke:—I heard—but saw no form.

“ Life is short, I am long.

“ Life is weak—I am strong.

“ Man is like the weeds which grow

“ From the sepulchre below—

“ 'Twixt the grave and glowing sun

“ Whilst his tide of life doth run,

“ He stands lost in joy or sorrow,

“ Reckless of the coming morrow.

“ Thou, who art of dust, behold,

“ What this vision doth unfold,

“ And prepare thyself for me—

“ To-morrow brings the same to thee.”

On the surface of the shore,
Many a human soul was seen ;

When the death-wind blasted o'er,
'Twas as though they ne'er had been—
Not a single one was there
Left by the dark messenger.
Yet I thought I still did live,
As a solitary thing,
Caring nought what life could give,
Or what chilly Death could bring :
I had then deserted all,
Nothing bound me in its thrall.

The clouds of Heaven changed their hue ;
As if by age and fear, they grew
Pale as a form of human clay,
When the soul hath gone on its wings away.
There were no fowls in the dying air :
Stillness and faintness alone were there :
For the sun and the moon there was no call ;
And the wan sky was spread like a shroud over all.

'Twas an awful sleep.

I saw pass by

A horse as pale as that shroud-like sky ;

And the mighty One who o'er him strode,
Through the silent nations rode !
And all I heard was the crumbling tread
Of that horse's hoofs 'mong the bones of the dead.

X.

THAT dream is life-like.

The eternal close
Which bars us in the sphere of lasting rest,
Or in the spirit's night of unreprieve,
Where the worm feeds upon the hopeless breast,
Where tears claim no compassion, save the shriek
Of wretches 'wailing their own misery,
Or the strange laugh of madness, that doth break,
As it were from feelings too o'erpower'd to speak
The mind that preys for ever inwardly—
Oh! what divides the Living from such place,
Whose deeds proclaim their home it is to be,
When hell is in their actions, and their face
Hath the fell lineaments, in which we trace
Their kinship to that proud and graceless race,
Who cannot worser be, they are so ill and base !

It hath been sought for, but it is unfound.
Is not the earth a hell to those who never
Let loose their mind to roam that holy ground
Whereon high thoughts and fadeless joys abound?
God doth not from Himself His children sever;
Nor hath He chosen His abode to lie
In one lone station,—He is wheresoever
His children are, and His prosperity
Smiles round their dwelling.—God transfigured
In the ennobling universe they read,
Until by such tuition they become
Sages and Bards, whose all-pervading thought
Prompts them to show the mysteries, o'er-wrought
With more than human wisdom, which to some
Pass as the black enchantments, undivine,
Wax'd by communion with the evil-home;
Whilst others deem them madness, and their line
Of mental grandeur is left for the few
To spell in secret, and regret that swine
Spurn the rich treasure, dazzled by its hue.

XI.

THE world goes on, as it went on of yore;
Age after age the same old lesson teaches;
Each fragment of the Past is cipher'd o'er
With knowledge for the Present—loudly preaches
Of human nothingness, and man's decay.
Where once the peopled city shining lay,
The Palmer kens nought save a ruin'd waste:
No merchandise, no song, no dance, no feast,
Are there to gladden him upon his way:—
O'er desolation, and the graves of those
Who once were mighty, he goes careless on:
Where princes moulder, or the poor repose,
He passes, careless of what once they were—
Like bribeless Time, respect he pays to none—
The pride of those who now no longer are,
He sees about him, spoil'd and overthrown,
And asks himself the question—what is man,
Who labours to increase his breathing span,—
Sighing for outward glory—then is gone,
As the departure of a summer's sun,
And night, oblivion-night, concealeth him?

These are his works, but yesterday began,
Yet they out-lived him; and his children dim
With length of days, were gathered to the tomb,
Ere the bright polish left their marble walls.
Could they, who revell'd in those once-glad halls,
Behold them in the garb they now assume,
They would throw all the past a dream from Fancy's
loom.

XII.

If we look o'er the whole that man hath done,
Since the first onset of his wild career,
What can we find we well may linger on
Without the falling of a woe-born tear?
Hath he not violated earth, and pour'd,
To please Ambition's maw and quench her thirst,
The blood of millions with the murd'ring sword;
And plann'd destruction in full divers ways,
To make that hideous which was fair at first?

Where is the Truth that shone in ancient days,
Which holy men and sages bled to guard?

Beneath yon shrine, where erst Devotion pray'd,
And breathed to Heaven the soul of fervid praise,
There kneels Hypocrisy for earth's reward,
In Superstition's gaudy pomp array'd,
Seeking applause of men, and madly raving
With worn-out phrases from dull learning stolen,
Which pass with the blind crowd who take the
whole in
As God's own mandates :—Thus they are deceiving
Their earth-polluted souls, and mocking One
Who sees throughout the heart, and judges that
alone.

XIII.

It is no marvel that we name the earth,
A vale of sorrow and heart-wasting tears,—
Have not its actions call'd most loudly forth
A punishment for all its misspent years ?
Shall vengeance slumber whilst man sleeps in lust ?
Bow down, ye Lofty, as ye shortly must,
And let the pray'r of supplication swell
To Him ye have offended.—

Prisoners,
Who at the gates of Death and darkness dwell,
While the bless'd thirst for life within ye stirs,
Drink of the precious waters, overflowing
From the pure fountain of Salvation's stream,
For those who are through their probation going :
And humbly crave the Spirit to redeem
Your wayward souls to that forsaken path,
Which leadeth into peace, from war and utter wrath.

XIV.

I recollect once wandering, when a child,
Upon the cloudy mountains blue and wild,
And ere I gain'd the most uplifted brow,
That throughout summer kept cold winter's snow,
Night, unexpected, o'er the hills was sent—
All, all was closed in darkest element.
'Twas dreary midnight as I gain'd the seat,
Where oft I watch'd the bursting tempest beat,
Distant and wide below, as though the rains
Warr'd with an enemy on 'battled plains ;
But on the night I speak of, all was still,

Mute Melancholy haunted dale and hill ;
The thistle waved not in the mountain breeze,
And the leaves slept upon the dreaming trees.

Whether in slumber or in waking trance,
I saw the spirit then that met my glance,
I know not : in the time that here I've been,
Nothing more real have I felt or seen—
Nothing so powerful to force the thought,
'Twas something more than heated Fancy wrought :
Reality o'er every feature stood,
Claiming belief from frailty—flesh and blood.

The image of a man more wan than death—
A phantom—sickly, ill, and very wrath,
Rode on a cloud, that from the wormy tomb
Bore him despairing, to his last, long home ;
I shook with horror as he passed by,
For loudly forth he roar'd this dolorous cry :

“ Oh ! where shall I rush to escape from the ire
“ Of a bosom, the refuge of vengeance and pain,
“ Whose innermost feeling is burnt with the fire

“ That, where once enkindled, must ever remain ?

“ I have pass’d through the ocean—no coolness was
there—

“ And the brine boil’d around me increasing despair !

“ I have pass’d through the winds—they augmented
my flame—

“ They mocked my madness, my ruin and shame.

“ I cannot remain where the Living are longer.

“ The tortures of spirit wax stronger and stronger.

“ Hell, Hell is within me, let me plunge where-
soever—

“ And such is my portion for aye and for ever.

“ Now I drop from the skies, alas ! ’tis to find

“ A Hell universal, like that in my mind.”

Down, down, down, he fell ’midst agonies dire,

And after him follow’d grim phantoms of fire ;

I saw them chase the Spirit away,

’Till they reach’d a gulph of sore dismay :

It open’d—they enter’d. I saw them no more.

Oh ! grief is the mind that beheld them before.

XV.

MORTAL Palmer, reckon thee well,
Where thou art going for aye to dwell ;
Is it above, or is it below ?
Is it in pleasure, or is it in woe ?
Ask thy soul, and bid her tell,
Will it be with the one who fell ?

Go to the grave, and gaze thee there
O'er the sullen sepulchre ;
'Mid its silence muse upon
Those who are to ashes gone ;
Let thy wak'ning fancy glide
O'er the scenes of human pride :—
Trace them from their first career,
Till they are extinguish'd here.

Lo,—a vision doth appear !

On yon cold and gusty wild
There is born a helpless child ;
It is weeping—and those tears

Speak the tone of coming years.

Now upon a mother's breast

It lies smiling in its rest,

And that mother sings,

Sleep on,

Baby sweet, thou art mine own !

Promise of delight to be !

Blossom of bright purity !

Blessings on my Seraph-one !

Baby sweet, sleep on, sleep on !

Alas, young innocence, for thee !

Little doth thy mother ween

Of the toil and agony,

That by thee must soon be seen.

Peaceful is thy early dreaming,

Heavenly sunshine 's o'er thee beaming ;

Blessed were thy lot fair flower,

Shouldst thou quit life's thorny bower,

Ere time mars thy tranquil slumber,

Ere thou join the grieving number

Of those doom'd to wander forth

Through the storms and wiles of earth,
Toil'd and weeping, discontented,
Unto whom a cup 's presented,
That, how bright soever glitters,
Proves to all a cup of bitters.

The vision brings another scene :—
A youth is gay on yonder plain,
With rosied cheek and laughing eye,
Chasing the colour'd butterfly ;
Spring throws her sky of glory o'er him ;
Hopes, like blossoms, glide before him :
Life to him as yet 's a treasure,
Full of novelty and pleasure.

Years have flown——

A tinge of sorrow
That once rosied cheek doth borrow ;
Yet his soul quaffs pleasure's beam
As Love hovers o'er his dream ;
Or as Fancy peoples earth
With a race of her own birth ;
And, with visionary wand,

Conjures forth a world so bland,
That the beautiful and fair
Well might find a dwelling there.

A cloud frowns o'er the changing sky :
There's grief within that youth's proud eye ;
With Discontent he wanders forth,
But wears on his face the mask of mirth :
He laughs in the hall, and weeps when alone.—
Oh ! where hath life's young promise gone ?

From the summer sky the sun looks down,
O'er a scorch'd heath that is bare and brown,
And there a forlorn man I see
Leaning against a blasted tree,
And he numbers its leaves as they fall on the wind,
Leaving the blasted old trunk behind :
And he likens those leaves to his friends dead and
gone,
And himself to the tree that's forsaken and lone.

Now comes of all the ending scene:
Behold a cold and slumb'ry plain,

With twilight around,
And snow on the ground,
And there bends one, nor child, nor man,
With shaking limbs and features wan,
The last—the remnant—of his clan.

He hath travell'd far——

What hath he seen

In his pilgrimage I ween ?

Tears, and toil, and punishment,—

Delusive hope, and discontent,—

Pleasures which were short and vain,

Destroying peace and bringing pain.

Where travels he so late, so old,

At the fall of the night so drear and cold ?

He is at the door of a sepulchre,

But cannot raise his hand to knock—

I see a clay-cold phantom there,

Lo ! he gives the door a stroke :

It opens—both have entered ;

It closes. Whither have they fled ?

Vanish'd one, what art thou now ?

Vanish'd one, where dwellest thou ?

Is it above, or is it below ?

Is it in pleasure, or is it in woe ?

Such are the stages of our life :—

A joyous morn, a noon of strife,—

A setting sun, a twilight eve,—

A coffin, a shroud, and a midnight grave.

XVI.

OH ! what cometh now with its writhing form,

With the rush and the wail of the thundering storm,

With the earthquake's strife, and the curse-struck
breath,

And the restless toil of the Second Death ?

'Tis a dream of the spirit of what is to be

For some who are living to feel and to see ;

And those, who are plunged the lost Dead among

Feel it now—must feel it long.

The clouds are rent in the lurid air :
And I see the world where the Cursed despair ;
And I hear the loud and ceaseless din
Of chains, forged by the hands of Sin,
Which bind the legions who cannot fly,
The Worm that gnaws everlastinglye.

There millions gaze on the lake of fire,
Whose billows upsprung in their whirling ire,
And downwardly dash o'er the Sinners who go
To the heat that 's condensed in the gulph below,
Whilst nought save blood-bubbles are seen on the
 wave,
Which speak of the pangs in that burning grave.

The lake of fire hath pass'd away,
To return again to its deathless prey ;
And a blast hath blown with fury thrice—
Behold ! the Sinners, like forms of ice,
Are stirlessly fix'd in their agonized mood,
On the rocks and shores of the fiery flood !

The lake returns—a moment more—
It splashes o'er that grievous shore !
Like the ocean-tide, by a whirlwind driven,—
A liquid world of living levin,—
It heaves, boils, bursts, and wars along,
Masterless, austere, and strong.

XVII.

I broke from that vision of sore dismay,
And trode again in the paths of day :
Those paths the rainbow overhung,
From which an endless glory sprung.

When I pass'd the gate that led
To the Land which angels tread ;
And breathed the changeless atmosphere,
As the lucid diamond clear,
I saw the battlements divine,
Which round a gorgeous Temple shine :
That gorgeous Temple was viel'd from sight
By ten thousand floating clouds of light,
For there in utter radiancy

Did the fount of Spirit lie ;
And from sumless sainted chords
I heard strange and wond'rous words,
Such as by a mortal tongue
Could not be with safety sung :
But as far as minstrel's lay
May those wond'rous words resay,
Thus I give them to thy scan,
Son of vanity and man :

XVIII.

For ever and for ever,
From all that 's beautiful, or bright, or grand,
Within the Heavens, or in the distant spheres,
Outstretched beyond the limits of our gaze,
There springs one flow, unceasingly, of prayer,
Of blessing, and of gratitude, and love,
An offering meet for Thee,
Omnific Soul, most Holy and most High,
Adorable, adored,
For ever and for ever.

Peace to Thy children yet on yonder earth,
O'er whom kind mercy shines,
With lustrous intelligence of bliss
Awaiting them in this bland universe,
This fine reality of subliming Faith,
Where all whose spirits climb the ennobling rocks
Of charity and virtue, shall exist,
When done the sorrows of their pilgrimage,
And the Sun sees their bleeding feet no more.

Man hath defaced that once fair goodly earth,
And render'd it in semblance like himself,
Fallen, and orderless ;
He hath stood forth
On the unstable threshold of the grave,
And, Satan-like, urged war against the arm
That holds the mighty basements of the deep,
And rules the colossal scales of sublunary
And unsublunary things ;—still, still that arm
Allows the self-exalting worm to live,
And laugh within his dark career of vice,
For which his children's children must weep,
And unborn ages curse him in their heart,

When groaning 'neath hereditary pain,
And bruised by the rod their fathers made :—
Hence spring the miseries of man from man.

Oh ! melancholy truth, that he of all
His brethren of the dust should be cast out
From happiness and freedom—
That his day,
Given for pleasant purposes,
Should pass
In violence of every natural good—
In sordid worship of corrupted power,
Which hireling men have deified, and call'd,
The people's tower of defence.—Alas !
It is too dearly purchased !
Many a heart
Hath been bound down in poverty to keep
That costly building in voluptuousness ;
And many a father's, many a mother's sigh,
Heaved above those who fell to guard its walls,
Have call'd the arm of Heaven to sweep from day,
The curse that ruin'd them, and thousands more,
O save Thy people, God of righteousness !

XIX.

THE world hath woke ; the night hath gone ;
Morn the hills finds me alone :
Her rainbow hues delight not me,
For I must quit thee, Poesy.
Through the same grief I have to go,
That I so oft have toiled through ;
Would I could leave my trouble here,
And never more 'mong men appear,
That the sad thought, I'm singing now,
May be the last of mine below.

END OF THE INNER PART.

MORTALITY:

A POEM SUNG IN SOLITUDE.

CONCLUDING PART.

SCENE—SNOWDON.

I.

BARD of Snowdon's tow'ring brow !
Call thy spirit o'er thee now ;
Gaze not back upon the past,—
Halcyon days may come at last ;
Like the rock and mountain stand,—
Thy Deliverer is at hand.
Faith and sacred Sanctitude,
Can becalm the waters rude,
Upon which thy mortal bark
Glides along through channels dark.

Come then, Poesy of power
O'er the ruthless wind and shower ;

Poverty will cease to shed
Blights above the houseless head ;
The heart will cease to grieve and sigh,
If thou, my long-beloved, art nigh.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Harp of Snowdon's tow'ring brow !
I am o'er thy master now ;
Waken from thy slumber still ;
Over sounding vale and hill,
Let the music of thy chord,
Speak the numbers of thy Lord—
Speak them passionate and loud,
As the thunder from a cloud.

Hark ! a slumb'ring breeze doth sweep

O'er thy master's wearied frame ;

See ! he dreameth, as in sleep ;—

Bard of Snowdon, speak the same.

One half the sun is darkly dim,
And a purple cloud lurks round his rim ;
One half the moon, like a famish'd maid,
Is opposite, and sore afraid.

Many a wail, and many a call,
Many a shriek from souls in thrall,
Many a burst of mad despair,
Rend the faint and feverish air,
But all is lost like the cry of a child
That weeps in a boat when the waves run wild,
For a flying angel descends on the blast,
And swears in the name of the First and the Last,
That the Spirit of God shall no longer strive
To save the race of man alive—
Wo! wo! wo! she continues to say—
Wo! wo! wo! to the race of clay!
And she smites with fire the hill and the vale,—
And she smites with poison the deadly gale,—
And she smites with Death the hearts of men,—
And lo! she ascends the heavens again!

I see an eagle passing bye,
And its plumage is stain'd with a bloody dye;
From its dreaming in the rock
It was by a death-pang woke,
And it look'd for its offspring, and found them
dead—

Its own dark wings with their blood were red—
And it look'd the sickly earth upon,
And there beheld no breathing one;
Deep, in the death-sleep, slumber'd all,
Man, bird, and fish, and animal.
Through the air it goes alone——
What hath this strange eagle shown?

I see three Spirits huge and grand,—
On the darken'd world they stand;
Each has spoken—thus they said
To the ear of the Dead:

THE SPIRIT OF THE SUN.

Behold the Spirit of the Sphere,
That lies a broken cistern here,
Whose light hath vanished!
Ere man breathed in the vale of time,
I shone o'er Eden's glowing prime,
In glory walk'd the Heavens sublime,
By sunless angels led;
I number'd out his trial-years,

I heard his sighs, I saw his tears,—
His sin upon my page appears;
His deeds as blood are red !
Now, Dweller in the grave, to thee,
The bright, or dark eternity
Is aye and ever spread.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERS.

I dwelt in the ocean,
And govern'd the wave,
Its regular motion,
Its power I gave;
When the billows were sleeping,
The cold moon beneath,—
When the mermaid ceased weeping,
Her green locks to wreath,

Over man I was holding
The spell of my might,
For ever unfolding,
By day and by night,
The One who had sent me

His bidding to do,
And girt me and blent me
With strength thereunto.

The wild winds obey'd me ;
The lightning and hail
Were willing to aid me
And shiver the sail
Of slaves on my waters,
Earth's sons and Earth's daughters,
Who instantly fell,
With their sins passing number,
For ever to dwell
In my salt caves of slumber,
Till we, Brother Sun,
And our Sister, the Earth,
Should proclaim—Time hath done!
Which bids us to flee
To the land of our birth,—
Where we came from we go.
I have open'd the womb,
And the caves of the sea,
That those who lie low

In ashes and dust,
Fresh life may assume,
Be they evil or just.

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

In the beginning my morn was bright,
My hills and vallies rejoiced midst light ;
A cloudless sky was o'er me hung,
And within me a voice of gladness sung ;
The trees stretch'd forth their fruitful boughs,
And summer flowers wreath'd my brows ;—
But, when my erring son awoke,
Storm and darkness o'er me broke,
Tumult and thunder marr'd my rest,
The cold rains pierced my aching breast,
Death waved athwart my realm his wing,—
The summer flowers droop'd withering,—
A curse on all 'neath the Sun was sent,
With the fruit of my womb there was poison blent ;
Hope no longer held out her hand,—
There was no joy on the fallen Land.

I've seen the curse in ten thousand forms,
In famine, in drought, and in fiery storms ;
I've seen the pride of the nations meet
At morn-time, with the war-steeds fleet,
And ere the night-breeze o'er them sigh'd,
Friend and foe, on the death-field wide,
Were thrown in one gory sleep so still,
That the wail of the widow'd was heard on the hill,
With the cry of the orphan that near and far,
Spoke of the pangs and the curse of war.

I've seen the gifted in wisdom rise,
Like stars, 'mid the bosom of darkling skies :
They were too bright for the mortal clan,
So they sicken'd away from the walks of man—
Beneath the primal curse they fell,
Whilst the vain worldling prosper'd well.

I've seen generations come and go,
Passing like shades to the dead below :
The rising race in their footsteps trod,
'Till their stir was calm'd in the same abode.

Error and vanity led them on,—
Laughter and tears, a sigh and a groan,
Some petty hope for some valueless toy,
Some paltry despair for some paltry joy,—
A shout—a silence—a record of clay!
—Brother and Sister, away, away.

Spirit! the scene hath changed——

I see

In the Heavens a distant country;
And there are skies of virgin blue,
And fairy vales of crystal hue,
And mountains tow'ring high and bright,
With rocks of adamant and light;
And trees far branching wild and bold,
With fruit of glory, and leaves of gold;
And underneath, in converse sweet,
A Host of countless millions meet:
They are, in semblance, like to those,
I've seen on earth, 'mid storm and woes,—
Yet, far more beautiful, as though
They were of heavenly race also.

I see them walk the peaceful plain,
Free from taint, and free from pain ;
And thus, the breeze of man's cold sphere
Bears their Hosannas to mine ear :

THE PRE-ARCH ANGELS.

GOD of this immortal region,
Listen to Thine holy Legion !
In the image of Thy brightness,
In the robes of truth and whiteness,
We have risen from creation,
With Thy Chosen from probation ;
Where the fadeless flowers are blowing,
Where the fount of life is flowing
In Eternity's bland river
They have cleansed themselves for ever ;
And they bow, with us, before Thee,
God of Spirits, and adore Thee.

THE SAINTED.

After turmoil—torturing years,—
After night, and storm, and tears,—
Thou hast dash'd away our sorrow !
We have gain'd the promised morrow !
We have gain'd, exceeding measure,
Rest, dominion, lasting pleasure !
Thou hast broken up the tomb,
Raised us from her deathly womb !
Laved us in the living stream,
That from Thine own bosom came !
Blended us with spirits pure,
In Thy glory to endure ;
And we bow, we bow before Thee,
God of mercy, and adore Thee !

THE PRE-ARCH ANGELS.

The suns, which shone o'er yonder sea,
Unchangingly were bright,
And bright were the stars which used to be
The glory of the night :

But brighter far,
These spirits are,
Who once in darkness sorrowed,
Than ever was sun, or taintless star,
In the light from Heaven borrowed.

And beautiful, beautiful was the pray'r
We heard in the woodlands swelling,
When Morn smiled through the crimson'd air,
Like one from Eden's dwelling ;
But far more beautiful the song
Of gratitude, that's telling
Of Love that from the Dead among
Snatch'd into life this joyous Throng.

We saw Thee, Sire, stretch forth Thine hand,
And bid the world self-balanced stand ;
We heard Thee say, to the waters wide,
The surface of the earth divide,—
'Twas done, 'twas done!—the surgy wave
Roll'd to the ocean's briny cave ;—
The streamlet and the river grand,
Went to and fro to bless the land,—

Yet universal darkness stood
Over mountain, vale, and flood.

Thou didst call light from its crystal sphere,
—Uprose the Sun all bright and clear!
Trees, herbs, and flowers, rejoicing lay
Bathed in the beams of orient day;
And Thou, from out Thine own abode,
Saw them, and bless'd them, and call'd them good.
Last, man was made, Thine image there,

Crown'd him the marvel of the whole :

And he walked forth a living soul,
A stranger to the sigh and tear;
Alas! how short his glory bright
Was seen! as turn'd the day to night,
As fled the sunshine 'fore the storm,
Faded the sever'd floweret's form,—
So Thy bless'd image left the shrine
It hallow'd, warm'd with heat divine.

Man fell—Sin rose in phrenzied haste,
And drove him o'er the world's rude waste.
O, wond'rous was that love of Thine!

We saw Thee plant in the waste a vine,
Whose goodly branches passed forth
Through the nations of the earth ;
Midst storm and rain it prosper'd well,
And the Weary 'neath its shade did dwell.

THE SAINTED.

To Thee, Sire-God, Omnipotent,
Power and praise be ever sent,
From Heaven's golden plain !
Each breath of the celestial air
Hymns sweetly through the arch of pray'r,
That sweetly hymns again.
How glorious are the cloudless skies,—
The streams reflecting dazzling dyes,—
The groves which near their borders rise,—
The bowers which lie between,
In which Thy victor-servants rest,
Peaceful as child on mother's breast,
Whose slumbers are serene !
Hark, from around, beneath, above,
Thanksgivings and Hosannas move

To Thee, for Thou hast ta'en
Redemption on Thyself, to prove
Thine unimaginable love
For us, who now have seen
Thy ways outsoar Thy creature's scan,
Thy mercies all the thoughts of man.

II.

THAT vision vanish'd as the cloud,—
The amber cloud that melts away
In Even, when the sun hath bow'd
Beneath the moon's uprising sway ;
And straight another came, which cast,
Before my gaze, the viewless past.

III.

On a stately rock, there stood
An aged bard, in prophetic mood ;
His was the power, by magic wrought,—
To charm, in words, the living thought,
And roam through heaven, earth, and hell,

And speak of mysterious things, which dwell
Where man was never permitted to go,
And he alone had the mission to show.

Bright his eye, as the light of morn,
While he look'd below, at the world, with scorn ;
Pale was his cheek, and the fingers of Care
Had left their furrow'd traces there.

A man of sorrow, he seem'd to be,
Yet, why alone on the rock stood he ?
For the clouds, which follow the pensive night,
Shadow'd each dreary mountain's height ;
And the moon was hid in a hoary shroud,
And the wailing wind was bleak and loud.

Where should he go ? He had no place
Of shelter for his wint'ry head ;
Last of an ancient, gifted race^(t)
Who 'neath the arm of power bled ;
He, he alone escaped, to speak
The tale that did his old heart break.

So, as he stood in sore distress,
You might have seen the warm thoughts press
For utterance ; but, the silent tongue
Refused her office, till he rung,
With passionate hand, his harp's high chords,
Which spoke, more powerful than words :
Those warm thoughts growing resistless, strong,
He thus broke forth, in mystic song :

THE AGED BARD.

Ye spirits, who, upon the mountains keep
Converse with Nature, seeing what hath been,
The present, and the future, and the deep
Secrets which lurk within the hearts of men :

And have power over those,
Who have left their earthly woes !
In the name
Of each martyr unto fame,
Who, on morn of yesterday,
Blest your counsels, tuned his lay,
But who, ere the morn was o'er,

Stiffen'd, midst congealing gore,
Ne'er to tune his sweet lay more ;
And, by my sacred office, I
Call upon ye to come nigh.

THE SPIRITS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Honoured Bard, thy call is heard ;
We are nigh unto thee—speak !
Speak !—Night's melancholy bird
Doth not on Night's silence break.

THE AGED BARD.

Oh, I am old, and very lone,
All my fond hopes on earth are gone ;
Friends of my youth, they went with you,
For you were ever warm and true.
Lone is the mountain, lone the grove,
And green plain, without those we love ;
Joy turns to sorrow, and we live
Alone to sigh, to weep, to grieve ;
But short this grief of mine must be ;—

The heart when loaded overmuch,
Must break, and let its spirit free
To soar to that calm Sphere, where such
She loved, in this dark world, are found,
With glory, fadeless glory crown'd.

And, now, as my last hour is near,
Mountain Spirits, vouchsafe an ear
To my expiring curse——

O let

The sword of vengeance well be set,
The war-axe sharpen'd for the base
Destroyers of the Bardic race ;
Let peace flee from them—let the teeth
Of monsters in them find a sheath ;
Let fowls, which wing the tainted air,
Pick their fell bones 'till bleached and bare ;
Let wint'ry sea, and raging river,
Utter their crime for aye and ever ;
That e'en their seed henceforth may stand
A by-word on the face of land !

THE SPIRITS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Register the curse—'tis meet.

THEIR ATTENDANTS.

Mighty spirits ! it is done.

THE AGED BARD.

Now I would that I could greet,

Ere my sand of life hath run,

The Departed, as of old,

Each within his comely mould ;

Then my call for you is o'er,

Spirits of the mountain's hoar.

THE SPIRITS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

They appear, they appear !

Bard ! behold, thy brethren near.

THE SPIRITS OF THE MOUNTAINS RETIRE, AND
THE GHOSTS OF THE MURDERED BARDS
APPROACH, SAYING,

Brother dear !

We that were

In the flesh and in the spirit,

To thee allied,

Leaving our tombs in the gloomy deep,—

Leaving the blessed and peaceful sleep

That we inherit,

Are by thy side.

Is there ought that we can do

For thee, ere we homeward go ?

THE AGED BARD.

Beloved ! ere you glide away,

To your bright homes of cloudless day,

Unfold whereon this far-famed isle

Shall Gwyneth's pride of awen^(v) smile,

That I may thence her own Harp bear,

And shield it from the hazy air.

THE GHOSTS OF THE MURDERED BARDS.

The glory of Gwyneth is shed on the blast,—
Her once sunny flowers 'mid darkness are cast:—
Her Harp shall be mute, and its chords shall
decay ;—

The strength of her language shall hasten away:—
But the frame of her Harp, like her mountains shall
last,

And when many years of turmoil are past,
A lone one shall wander these mountains among,
For the soul of his being shall centre in song.
On the high hills, the green plain, the cloud, and
the wave,

He shall see the song-spirits which converse at eve,
They shall teach him to smile at the follies of earth,
And cheer him in anguish and join him in mirth,
And shall bring him, by night, to this soul-charming
ground,

Where the Harp of his fathers with joy shall be
found,

His young hand shall chord it to the wildest of song,
And the treasure to him shall for ever belong.

We have done, we have done, we must pass from
thy sight—

Thou shalt see us again ere the close of this night.

Then placed that bard the Harp to lie
Beneath the dim and dreaming sky,
And calmly waited the time when he
Should see the bardic company.

He stretched himself 'long the chilly ground,
And a light seemed living his form around!

He raised his eyes, and said, I hear
The welcome chime from the sainted sphere ;—

O bathe me in glory that blazeth above
O'er the fountain of joyaunce and halo of love!

O, give me, bland people, the angelic wing!
The last bell of Eden doth witchingly ring :

Ascend, gentle spirit, on the warm-glowing ether,
To the Kingdom of glory for aye and for ever.

The east gates of Heaven were opened on high,
And a great whirl of splendour was shed o'er the sky;
The heights of the hills were illumed as with gold,
But the face of the Bard was too sheen to behold ;

His brethren stood round him with harps in their
hand,
Which they tuned to the songs of their own hallow'd
land ;
They bathed him in glory—they bathed him in truth !
He uprose a fair angel of beauty and youth !
And they vanish'd midst light to the sky-isles of
spring,
Where the rose ever blooms, and the cuckoo doth
sing.
Many an age pass'd o'er that rock,
In sun-shine, storm, and thunder-shock ;
The ancient Harp was decay'd and broken,
Just as the prophecy had spoken ;
Yet none knew where the treasure lay,
'Twas sought for much—all miss'd the way,—
I found it in a happier hour,
Admired it for its truth and pow'r,
But well I knew 't had lain too long,
The weeds and spreading briars among,
To sound its native airs with grace
Appropriate to a modern race,
I, therefore, formed it fresh, and rung
Its music in the English tongue.

CONCLUSION.

I fain would close my melancholy page,
And render mute my Harp's rude eloquence;
I fain would quench, but can't, th' ethereal rage
That burns within me: as I felt, I feel; and hence
Must feel the same.

I went into the crowded world, and saw
Its follies, its unfeelingness, and pride—
I saw its misery, its joy, and awe;
But I was ever what I am.—Its tide
Changed not my frame.

Though in the world—I yet was out of it;
Though in the crowd—I lived distinct from all;
I took the path that mine own feelings lit,
And as 'twas good or bad, so let me rise or fall
To praise or blame.

My home hath been the mountain, rock, and
wood;
My book hath been the ocean, earth, and sky;
Companionship I found in solitude,
With mine own thoughts and Nature's imagery.

Thou unknown friend

Who long hath listen'd to the fervid lays
Of one whose voice is dying on thine ear,
Frown not upon the toil of lonely days,
For 'twould add vigour to the critic's spear

And those who lend

Their truth-disfiguring hands to shroud the light
That will burst forth at intervals, as do
The stars through storms and rainy mist, when Night
Walketh across the world, and men below

Are lost in sleep.

But we must part, and should we meet no more,
My spirit shall be with thee, on thy mind,
Whilst thou dost ken these lowly pages o'er,
Which bade thee cleave to God, the Good, the Kind,
And with Him keep.

What man once was, is now, and is to be,
I've sung in various verse. Though closed around
With the bleak storms of harsh adversity,
My song hath cringed not to the flippant sound
Of Fashion's throne.

And now before a judging world it goes,
Whose voice is fame. Heart-lays of mine, farewell!
Harp of the rock, I give thee to Repose,
Whilst I retire to Meditation's cell.

My goal is won.

I am concluding, my Song-spell is breaking;
The visions vanish on my dark'ning view;
I am from this impassion'd dream awaking,
And passing from thee. Joy be thine—adieu!

Adieu! I've done.

END OF THE POEM SUNG IN SOLITUDE.

NOTES.

NOTES

NOTES.

NOTE (a). PAGE ix. "Gwyneth."

NORTH WALES was designated, by the Romans, *Genouinia*, signifying the ancient Ionian nation, which the Welch to this day express by the name Gwynedd, pronounced Gwyneth. The Mother-land was also called by three other appellations : first, *Fel ynys*, the Honey-island, from its abounding with bees, when the children of Gomer first landed there; secondly, *Clas meidden*, or, *meityn*, the rock or water guarded island, from its local situation and appearance;—it is said that by such designation it was known when Hu the Mighty's colony first settled there; thirdly, *Prydain*, (since called Britain) from Phrygia, a country of Asia, bounded by Caria, Lydia, and Bithynia, from the neighbourhood of which, Askenas, the eldest son of Gomer, came when the Lord scattered the children of Noah abroad upon the face of the earth.

NOTE (b). PAGE 28. "Mead-cup."

The festive drink of the ancient Britons was Mead, a most delicious but inebriating liquor, made from the honey-comb. I have drank it as a wine in several parts of the Principality, where, of course, it is still made.

NOTE (c). PAGE 28.

" And the minstrel, crowds among,
" Strung his harp to victor song,—
" Canting of eternal fame,
" For whom we know not e'en a name."

The Bard, after the fall of pure Druidism, degenerated into the minstrel, or idle versifier,—like the simpleton recorded in Scripture, his

noble birth-right was exchanged for a mess of pottage. The God-given energy of Song, that had erst breathed out the unalloyed sentiments of Heaven's own-revealed religion, was sacrificed at the corrupt and rotten altar of a blood-contaminated and Godless ambition. A mere hireling and pot-companion of the Prince and the Chief, he became the chronicler of their folly and madness. As they sowed, so have they reaped, corruption: the Prince, the Chief, and the Minstrel are alike forgotten.

NOTE (d). PAGE 31.

“ ————The glorious lot
 “Of such who are doomed in their prison of clay
 “To sorrow a time from their home away,
 “’Till their lustrious souls dazzle the mob of no worth,
 “For which they are martyr’d on night-loving earth,
 “When they re-ascend to the land of their birth.”

The world loveth its own; the unclean have an hatred towards the clean, the wicked towards the good. Wisdom is folly to the foolish. I remember a story of an ancient philosopher, who, hearing the people highly applaud something which he had spoken, turned to some friends who stood by, and said, “Hath any folly, any loose or wicked word, unwittingly of myself escaped me, that all this people do thus applaud me?”

It was the illiterate, the besotted, and the vicious among the low rich and the low poor, who shouted,—“Give us Barabbas!” They had sympathy for a murderer, as was natural, because he was of them; but for the guiltless they had none. “Away with him, away with him! Crucify him, crucify him!” were the words applied to that Divine Being whom the world would not receive, who gave his life for his friends.

Alas! things have not changed, but in mere externals. The fool still saith in his heart, there is no God, no Christ. “I pray not for them,” saith the Holy One, “I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine. And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them.”

Things have not changed! They, who surpass mankind, are still left to bear witness to the wisdom of him who said, “The race is not to the

swift, nor the battle to the strong " "In the world, ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

ODE TO MAMMON.

GOD of this busy scene,
Whose laurels, ever green,
Laugh at the threats of Time and Winter gray!
Mammon, on whom await
Birth, majesty, and state,
Thy rule is great indeed, and great thy giant sway.

To Him, who reigns in Heaven,
Men's prayer may oft be given,
Whilst recklessly is bent the formal knee:
But, oh, such prayer is cold,
Compared with that they hold,
When breathing their whole soul an offering to thee!

Without thee man is cast
The sport of tide and blast,
To his own brother man, a worthless creature;—
In the world's eye, a weed,
A vagabond indeed,
To whom th' earth presents her step-dame sort of feature.

Like Cain, though not in crime,
A wanderer. His prime
Of life is spent from social joys exiled;—
Branded and bruised in heart—
Wither'd in every part
As a scathed tree that's dead, yet lingers on the wild.

God of the worldling's creed,
Such torment is thy meed,
For thou delightest in the good man's woe!

*The gifted sage of old,
 Who scorn'd thee, and thy gold,
 Thou sawest quaff the cup that chill'd his honour'd brow.

†And He, the Holy One,
 Whose youthful arm alone,
 Essayed to hurl thy kingdom in the dust,
 Soon thou didst see Him borne,
 Crown'd with a wreath of thorn,
 To groan upon the tree, by thine own sons unjust.

Who then of men, henceforth,
 On the gold-loving earth,
 Shall dare attempt to break thine ancient reign?
 None—but the few whose soul,
 Above thy fell controul,
 Liveth a life secure, defying Death and Pain.

NOTE (e). PAGE 39.

“———Peace-marring draughts,
 “Guttled midst riot, and midst drunkenness.”

It is most grievous to think of the many thousands who have willingly sunk themselves into a far more debasing and hell-resembling slavery than that of negro-bleeding Africa: I allude to an habitual indulgence in the crime which has stained England in the estimation of the world, and branded her otherwise majestic forehead with the burning cognomen—NATION OF DRUNKARDS. This is an abomination, Englishmen, which eventually will, if not rooted out from the land, bring destruction upon you. I speak with sorrow, yet I must speak: it is in your palaces, in your cottages, and in your streets—a sore and grievous plague, preying on the vitals, deforming and brutalizing the mind of christians by bap-

* Socrates, whom the heathen earthites of Athens poisoned.

† The Saviour of the world, Jesus Christ.

tism. It has let loose a spirit, or rather dæmon, insolent, noisy, sensual, and gross.

NOTE (f). PAGE 39.

“The dreary mansion where the Wicked rot.”

“Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts which perish.” “Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names. Their way is their folly; yet their posterity approve their sayings. Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them; and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling.”—PSALM xlix.

NOTE (g). PAGE 44.

“The bard and the philosopher have drank,
 “In every age, from thine embitter’d fount,
 “Drank deeply, and ’mid sackcloth shed the tears
 “Of persecuted merit, precious tears!
 “Bright in the eye of Heaven, and the good;
 “Yet, how disgraceful to the age are they!”

All great and good men were persecuted in their day. How fared the Prophets? How fared the Apostles?—Michael Angello was insulted continually, and obliged more than once to seek safety from the vengeance of a silly Pope by flight. It is well known how the earthites of Italy used Dante and Tasso;—how England rewarded John Milton, and Scotland poor Burns. An hundred ignoble kings, statesmen, and warriors could be brought forward, whose names would never have escaped oblivion had not their respective possessors been persecutors of really great men.

NOTE (h). PAGE 48.

“A star is fixed, that guides them Heavenward.” —*Read page 106.*

NOTE (i). PAGE 70.

“ Your years of toil are nearly done,
 “ Time shall haste his travels on,
 “ Till the trial days have gone.”—*Read page 127.*

NOTE (k). PAGE 73. “The haunted tree.”

There are in the Mother-land, as in other romantic countries, ancient trees, which tradition says are haunted. Near Dolgelle there was one not long since, that Time had hollowed into an arch; it girthed twenty-seven feet and a half, and went by the fearful appellation of Derwen cenbren yr Ellyll, the Hollow Oak, the Haunt of Dæmons.

In the middle of a field near Wrexham, there is a venerable oak, called the Fairy Tree, beneath whose branches in days of yore, that delightful little people, the Fairies, used to hold their festivals. Many a pleasant tale was wont to be told at merry Christmas time, of those generous, but now, alas! banished people; how they gave silver pennies to the industrious, and heart-subduing charms to virtuous maidens.

I was told, when a child, by my school-mistress, who was a very old lady, that the goodly town of Wrexham, many many years since, was visited by a most deadly plague, which destroyed the greater part of the inhabitants, while such as were able fled for safety from their houses, and made temporary dwellings on a neighbouring eminence, called, from the circumstance, Bryn yr Cabanny, the Hill or Brow of the Cabins; and that all who died of the plague were buried beneath the mound on which the Fairy tree is still seen.

The last time I saw this interesting tree, although it has braved at least three centuries, Time had not marred its glory—it appeared the halest, strongest, and greenest tree in the neighbourhood. Long, very long may it continue so! I have played under its branches in my childhood, made love under them in my youth, and mused under them a solitary man in middle age. I have a feeling for this tree—it is a pleasure to me. Evil be to the one who shall wantonly injure it, and may that man forget his intentions who first conceives the selfish idea of applying an axe to its root!

NOTE (l). PAGE 84. *Passage xi.*

“ There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come, with those that shall come after.”—ECCLESIASTES.

NOTE (m). PAGE 86.

“ The idol yet of millions.”

“ The Parsees have a high veneration for the cock, because, by his crowing, he proclaims the return of the sun; for they adore fire and the sun, not as God, but as the most perfect image of the Deity. They, nevertheless, do not scruple to kill and eat hens.

“ The great visible objects of the veneration of the Parsees are the elements, and especially fire. Light is regarded by them as the best and noblest symbol of the Supreme Being, who is without form. In consequence of this veneration for light and fire, the sun, moon, planets, stars, and the heavens themselves, are objects of peculiar respect; and in praying, they delight to turn to them, especially to the rising sun.”—HINDOOSTAN.

I will quote a passage from the theology of the Sun-worshippers, which has given me, and, I trust, will give others, much pleasure:

“ God is One—Creator of all that is. God is like a perfect sphere, without beginning or end. The Eternal One absorbed in the contemplation of His own perfection, in the fullness of time, resolved to participate His glory and essence with beings capable of feeling and sharing His beatitude, and of administering to His glory. Those beings then were not—the Eternal One willed—and they were.”

NOTE (n). PAGE 95.

“ Each seat was amethyst.”

The amethyst is of a purple and ruddy complexion. This stone intimates the inhuman cruelties which the lovers of truth endured, whilst in the vale of Vanity, from the hands of their bloody-minded persecutors.

NOTE (o). PAGE 95.

“ ———Inlaid

“ With emerald of lightest shade.”

The emerald is of a delighting and refreshing complexion, dazzling with its splendour, of a goodly green. It intimates fair fame and immortality.

NOTE (p). PAGE 111.

“ By whose charm the billows grew,

“ Like those Israel passed through.”

As the bulk of mankind are so absorbed in the pursuit of worldly pleasure or business, that if they have read, they may not recollect, the sublime lines alluded to, it has been thought expedient to quote them.

“ The Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord, when I have gotten me honour upon Pharoah, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen. And the Angel of the Lord, which went before the camp of Israel, removed, and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them. And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to those: so that the one came not near the other all the night. And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land: and the waters were divided. And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left.”—EXODUS, Chap. xiv.

NOTE (q). PAGE 118.

A key to this passage will be found in my “LIFE, STRUGGLES, and WANDERINGS.”

NOTE (r). PAGE 126.

To to this passage a few years will write a NOTE that the world will have cause to remember.

NOTE (s). PAGE 127.

“ What is the world’s religion now,
 “ Save heartless craft and pompous show ? ”

I would willingly hope that all the hireling preachers, with which the earth is so heavily burthened, are not the disciples of Mammon. There may be a few among the vast multitude, who would not, of themselves, bow the knee to the world, the flesh, and the devil, but they are in the multitude—the ungodly CONFEDERACY which has in all ages slain the prophets and despised the truth,—and they must necessarily go with it wheresoever it presseth, or be trodden beneath its feet. There may, I say, be a few, like the young man who came to Christ, affirming that he had kept the commandments from his youth up, who would fain be disciples of the Rejected-by-men, but they cannot brook to take up the cross—to fare as the Master fared. They are of the earth, and return to it.

NOTE (t). PAGE 168. “ An ancient, gifted race.”

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them, through His great power from the beginning. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies: leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions. Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing: rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations.

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. There be of them who have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore. And some there be who have no memorial; who are perished as though they had never been; and are become as though they had never been born, and their children after them.—ECCLESIASTICUS, Chap. xliv.

That all the various people now on the earth were originally of one family is not only reasonable, but most fully manifested, by the ancient

tradition of each, agreeing as they do, that at some far distant period of time, the whole human species, excepting one man and his children, were utterly destroyed by the fountains of the great deep being broken up, and the windows of heaven opened.

Chaldea, Egypt, China, and India, have their Noah in Xisathrus, Osiris, Foho, and Satyaurata or the Seventh Menu. We find him in the Dionusus, or Bacchus of the Greeks, as the husbandman who planted a vineyard, and was drunken and uncovered within his tent. In Neptune, as the first navigator, the lord supreme of the ark and the waters. In Vishnou, as the first Druid who preserved the book of the Veds from the destruction of the Deluge. In Prometheus, as the first offerer of burnt offerings on the Altar after the flood, whose piety brought down from heaven the hallowed fire. The whole earth was of one language and of one speech. The Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, Greek, Syriac, Chinese, Armenian, Swedish, Coptic, Teutonic, and Celtic, have each been brought forward by zealous advocates, as claimants for the distinction of being the first tongue; and of their idle wrangling there would have been no end, had not passages in Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Josephus, Pliny, and Isidore, determined that the Cimbri were the children of Gomer, through his eldest son, Askenas, a name, according to the Lexicon, that fixes its possessor westward on the Euxine sea in Bithynia and Phrygia: for it is composed of as-auc-en-as, lower on the lower higher water.

Furthermore, to confirm that the Welsh language, as preserved to this day in the Mother-land, is the same as that spoken in Phrygia, according to Herodotus, an Egyptian king, named Psammeticus, who had contended with the rest of the world for the distinction of speaking the parent language, to set the question at rest, had two infants brought up in a solitary cottage, where human speech was never uttered in their hearing, yet the children were heard to make use of the word *bekos* or *bicos*, which was a Phrygian term, signifying bread; and that the same is still made use of by infants in Wales, when they ask for crumbled bread and milk, every native of the country can testify. The last thing I shall urge on this point is, that the language of the Cimbri, which is still called Cymbraeg, is a key to all the ancient names of persons, rivers, and places, and the living root whence all European languages emanate.

The sons of Noah, that went forth of the ark, were Shem, Ham, and Japheth : and God blessed Noah and his sons ; and renewed the command made to the first man and woman, that they were to replenish the earth : and of them was the whole earth overspread.

The name of the eldest son, Japheth, is from I-o-ph-at, the part the sun is at—that is, the west; and the most generally approved historians and geographers have fixed the settlements of his descendants, who went by the names of Iones, Mæones, and Trojans, in Asia,* and Europe, westward of the Euphrates, whilst those of Shem and Ham, are said to have been settled promiscuously in the western parts of Asia and Africa : for the curse of Noah was upon Ham, the father of Canaan,—cursed be Canaan ; a servant of servants shall he be to his brethren. Japheth's eldest son Gomert† is supposed to have dwelt at Troas, being there conveniently placed for conducting his bands or people over the Thracian Bosphorus into Europe, for by these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands ; every one after his tongue, after their families in their nations, according to Moses.

At what period the Iones, or children of Japheth, arrived in the island, since called Britain,‡ it would in this day be fruitless to inquire ; but that Druids were there 1013 years before Christ is recorded by Caius. It is probable that they had taken possession prior to the death

* Taliesin, who lived about the end of the fifth century, and had in his "bardic books," according to the account he gives of himself, "all the mysteries and knowledge of the countries of Europe," in one of his Poems, speaks thus :

"A numerous race, fierce they are said to have been,
 "Were thy original colonists, Britain, first of isles,
 "Natives of a country in Asia, and the country of Gafis ;
 "Said to have been a skilful people, but the district is unknown.
 "Which was mother to these children, warlike adventurers on the sea,
 "Clad in their long dress, who could equal them ?
 "Their skill is celebrated, they were the dread
 "Of Europe."

The fourth triad gives similar information. "They came from the summer country, which is called Deffrobani."

+ Read EZEKIEL, Chap. xxvii., xxxviii., and xxxix., and JEREMIAH, chap. li.

‡ The Chief that brought over and established the Cimbri in the isle of Britain, according to the triads, was Hu, the Mighty, who came, as they express it, from the summer country, over the hazy sea, in search of a settlement, to be obtained, not by war or contest, but justly and peaceably. This Hu, of whom there was found a curious bas-relief, under the choir of church in Paris, in the year 1711, which represents him in the significant act of cutting down trees, was worshipped as a God by the Heathen, under the names of Heus and Hesus.

of Gomer, and that Gwaith Emrys, the work of strength, commonly called Stone-Henge,* was reared by his immediate descendants, as a land-mark of that God-revealed Religion which had been handed to them from their forefathers, when the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech. Indeed, the mind that suggested the uprearing of that mighty monument of mysterious greatness, which would allow us to believe that there were giants on the earth in those days, must have been closely allied to that which animated the Babel-builders:— Let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad on the face of the whole earth.

* The following description of Stone-Henge is a from a letter by a modern traveller :

“ The whole of this stupendous work is situated on an open plain, many miles from any kind of dwelling, and is composed of huge stones, in different circles, placed perpendicularly, at a few feet distance from each other, with one great stone laid on the top of the two others: but many of the flat stones have fallen off, and several of the upright ones become prostrate. Originally, I think it was composed of three circles, inclosed within each other. The outward circle, which is the most entire, contains thirty-three vast stones; the second, twenty-four, some large and some small; and the third, twenty-six. Many of these are fallen, and several of those which I have counted as distinct stones, are, no doubt, fragments or halves of some which have been broken by their fall. At the side which fronts the road, at a distance from the great outward circle, and at the opposite side of it, stand two vast stones, one of them much larger than the other, which appear to act as sentinels to the great group. The matter of the stones is of two sorts: the first is a strong, amazingly hard iron stone, the second free or sand stone. The largest stones are all composed of this last-mentioned substance. To give you some idea of their size, I measured one which fell in the thaw of Christmas, 1802, and found the average length to be twenty-one feet, breadth seven feet, and thickness three feet; but this stone was by no means the largest: the greatest were those which are perpendicular, to whose top I had no possibility of ascending. These stones bear every mark of the most remote antiquity, and are well calculated to inspire an attentive observer with sentiments of deep veneration and respect. * * *

One surprising thing relative to Stone-Henge is, that the rocks of which it is composed are certainly not natives of the place: there are no stones like them in all this country, nor within many miles any stones at all: they must, therefore, have been brought from a very great distance, and it would puzzle the most scientific engineer to conceive machines adequate to such carriage, and others, not only capable of erecting the stones, when brought to the place, but of elevating those which form the horizontal coverings, which are many tons weight, to a height of between twenty and thirty feet. This consideration alone is sufficient to impress us with respect for the ingenuity of our ancestors.

Every succeeding generation fondly imagines itself wiser than the preceding one, and it is on this principle that we suppose our ancestors must have been savage and barbarous; and rather than acknowledge that they must have cultivated some arts, at least to a higher degree of perfection than ourselves, we make use of the most sottish hypothesis to account for the formation of Stone-Henge, and similar monuments.”

Stone-Henge has achieved its object. It is an enduring record of the intellectual elevation of an original people.

The ruins of the material past connect us, of the present day, to the immaterial or spiritual existence of our forefathers. We have drank of the same stream,—the current of our thoughts has been fed by the same divine fountain; and though we be enfeebled, and dimmed, and deadened by the contaminations of time, our blood is a legitimate continuity flowing from the olden stock, the God-blessed sons of Noah.

Thus we have a participation in the first generations.

From the beginning there was a sanctuary for the truth, not made by hands,—under all the changes by which ordinary life has been agitated and disordered it has lived, and must for ever continue to live, unchanged in its essence. The light is immutable, though the atmosphere in which we behold it is continually changing, and subject to the polluting influences of earth and her corruptious.

This brings me to the “ancient gifted race” spoken of in the text,—preservers of the undefiled Religion, * — the DRUID - BARDS OF

* The wisdom and purity of pristine Druidism may be gathered from its maxims, precepts, and triads which have reached us. I quote the following: The three sources of happiness;—suffering with contentment—hope that it will come—faith that it will be.

Bereft of God, bereft of all—possessing God, possessing all.

Worship God—do no evil—exercise fortitude.

Act bravely in war—souls are immortal—there is another life after death.

THEOLOGICAL TRIADS.—First, There are three primeval unities, and more than one of each cannot exist; one God; one Truth; and one point of liberty where all opposites equiponderate.

Second, Three things proceed from the three primeval unities—all of life; all that is good; and all power.

Third, God consists necessarily of three things;—the greatest of life; the greatest of knowledge (wisdom); and the greatest of power. And of what is the greatest there can be no more than one of any thing.

That the Druids looked forward to a Saviour, who should suffer death on a tree, whose blood should be an All-Heal to the deadly wounds of the sin-plague which disobedience had brought upon all men, is clearly evident by the account which Pliny gives us of their sacrifice. “The Druids” said he, “hold nothing so sacred as the mistletoe, and the tree on which it grows, provided it be an oak. They make choice of oak groves in preference to all others, and perform no rites without oak leaves; so that they seem to have the name of Druids from thence, if we derive the name from the Greek. They think whatever grows on these trees is sent from heaven, and is a sign that the Deity has made choice of that tree. But as the mistletoe is seldom to be met with, when found it is fetched with great ceremony, and by all means on the sixth day of the moon, which with them begins the months and years, and that period of thirty years which they term an age; for at that season the moon has sufficient influence, and is above half full. They call this plant, in their own language, “All-Heal,” and after preparing

GWYNETH; "men renowned for their power,* giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies; leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning† meet for the people; wise and eloquent in their instructions;—such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing."‡

for the sacrifice, and feast under the tree, they bring up two white bulls, whose horns have been then bound for the first time. The priest, habited in white, mounts the tree, and with a golden hook cuts the mistletoe, which is received in a cloth. They then sacrifice the victims, praying the Deity to render this His gift favourable to those to whom they distribute it."

* That famed robber and breaker of the earth's peace, J. Cæsar, whose first intrusion into Britain has been fixed by some in the year 55 before Christ, writes thus:

"The Druids attend on divine offices, perform the public and private sacrifices, and explain the mysteries of religion. To them great numbers of youth resort for instruction, and they are held in great honour among them."

"The Druids have been famous men from the most remote antiquity; long before Greece could boast of her wise men or philosophers, who were really beholden to the Druids, and copied them in many particulars."—ELIAS SCHED. DE DISS GERMANIS; and BORLASE'S ANTIQUITIES OF CORNWALL.

+ "They (the Druids) teach many things relating to the stars and their motions; the magnitude of the world and our earth, the nature of things, and the power and prerogative of the immortal God."—CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES.

‡ "They (the disciples of the Druids) are taught to repeat a great number of verses by heart, and often spend twenty years upon this institution, for it was deemed unlawful to commit their statutes to writing, though in other matters, whether public or private, they made use of the Greek characters. They seem to me to follow this method for two reasons—to hide their mysteries from the knowledge of the vulgar, and to exercise the memories of their scholars."—CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES.

It must not be supposed that because the Druids used a character in writing which was in after ages called Greek, that they were indebted to the Greeks, or any other people for inventions. Wolfgang, and divers others who are considered as authorities in such like subjects, assert that the Greek letters were first brought to Athens from the Druids.

NOTE (v.) PAGE 173. "Awen."

"Awen," poetical inspiration. Awen is supposed by some to be the same as the Avena of Virgil and Martial. If so, those admired Heathens must have borrowed it from the Welch.

The 57th triad says, "Tydian Tad Awen (Tudain, the Father of the Muse;) who first established system and order respecting the tradition, and record of vocal song, and things appertaining thereto: and out of that system were invented the regular privileges and customs relative to the Bards and Bardism of the Island of Britain." Tudain was buried at the base of Aran Benlyn, a mountain near Bala, in Meironeth, according to the ancient Memorials of the Tombs:—

"The tomb of Tudain, Father of the muse,
On the summit of Bryn Aren."

SONNETS AND SONGS.

THE RURAL SONNETS.

SONNETS AND SONGS.

SONNETS AND SONGS.

THE BRIDE OF SONG.

I.

THE Soul hath got a world wherein she lives
'Mid light and glory, in our sleeping hours
She leaves her cell, that daily life devours,
And visits that pure world. 'Tis this that gives
Sweet Poesy her witchery—empowers
The Poet's verse with immortality :
For that which is of Heaven does not die.
As in that mental world my spirit stray'd,
I saw one of its daughters, and my mind
Lived on the light of that immortal Maid,
Until she was within my heart enshrin'd
A power that all my thoughts and passions sway :
She was the Bride for whom I long had pray'd—
Her office and her name thou shalt hereafter find.

II.

Nightly my spirit to its idol flew,—
The peerless Maid, who trod the sphere of light,—
And on green banks, by rivers clear and bright,
She sung me songs of the undaunted few
Who wooed her love, and proved their passion true,
By years of suffering, which they braved for her :
How some were exiled from their home and right,
By those who in their inward blindness err ;
How some were 'prisoned 'mid continuous night ;
How others, by the noisy crowd rejected,—
By evil tongues and prejudice surrounded—
Wore after death the laurel, and erected
Their monuments, on Truth undying founded,
To which the world hath knelt, and with their
praise resounded.

III.

Nightly I listened to melodious lays,
From hallowed lips of Paradise breathed forth,
And that of me which was not of the earth—

That which hath held me up through many days
Of conflict with the world and the world's ways—

In adoration, at the singer's feet,
Fell prostrate ; and unutterable praise

Was in my spirit towards the Maiden sweet :

When straight her hallowed lips with mine did
meet!

And then there gushed my sacred nature through,
A heated tide of feelings, fresh and new,
That still around my heart is ever flowing,
A quickening impulse to dull life—bestowing
Thoughts, light, and love, and joys in glory glowing.

A SONG OF SOLITUDE.

ON the banks of the Dee, 'neath an old oak tree,

A Poet musing lay ;

The sun was bright,—“ O River of light ! ”

The Poet was heard to say,

“ Thou dost rejoice, and thy merry voice

Hath driven my care away.

Thou dost rejoice, and thy merry voice

Is as a pleasant song,

That speaks of a strand, a favoured land,

Where man in Truth is strong,—

Where brother with brother doth aid each other,

To banish *woe* and *wrong*.

Thy merry voice makes me rejoice,—
 How ravishing the air !
An inward pleasure beats to thy measure—
 My heart forgets despair :
For thy merry voice, that doth rejoice,
 Hath found its echo there.

I am a child of the high hills wild,—
 I was cradled in the Storm :
Whilst my nurse told tales of our ancient vales
 The blood of my heart did warm,—
And I closed my eyes, in glad surprise,
 To gaze on many a form :

On warrior dight in armour bright,
 The theme of bardic lay,—
On beauteous dame, whose smile was fame,
 The envy of the day,—
For whose beauty bright full many a knight
 Did fall in bloody fray.

I am a child of the high hills wild,
 And I have loved their lore :

By lonely hall, and waterfall,
And ruins which were of yore,
I have gathered story of ancient glory,
And men who are no more.

With every brook and hidden nook
Within this blessed land,
I have communed till my harp was tuned
As by a Druid's hand,—
And the scenes endeared which then appeared,
Seem'd call'd by wizard's wand.

But, River of light, on thy pathway bright,
Thine is a nobler song,—
For it speaks of a strand, a favoured land,
Where man in Truth is strong,—
Where brother with brother doth aid each other
To banish *woe* and *wrong*."

AN ADDRESS TO NORTH WALES.

WRITTEN DURING THE TIME OF AN EISTEDDVOD HELD IN
DENBIGH, A.D. 1828.

GWYNETH, my country, may peace mantle o'er thee,
And happiness dwell on thy mountains and
streams ;

May the truth of the Spirit be stretched before thee,
And hallow thy land by the glow of its beams.

Earth of the glorious, the mighty, and famed,—
Earth of the tuneful, who dream in the urn :
Though gone, yet in pages of history named,
They adore thee as stars which in heav'n-light
burn.

When I list to the bold winds as o'er thy hills
sweeping,
And hear not the songs which they wafted of yore,
I fancy they wail, like to voices of weeping,
Lamenting that Music's departing thy shore.

I am proud, mine own country, to see thee now
making

An effort to waken thy Harp's dull repose ;
Go on, till thine awen through prejudice breaking,
Shall be blessed by thy children and praised by
thy foes.

O for the light of that morning of glory,
When thy sun that hath set shall with brilliancy
rise,
And thy mighty in spirit exist in the story
Of Bards who shall flourish till Poesy dies !

SONNETS TO ———

I.

SUN rise and set, the mountains, vales, and brooks,
The ocean, moon, and stars ; the song-like wind
Sighing through ruins, or by wild flowers twined
In sisterhood together, which to nooks
Of still seclusion lend their modest looks—

These breathe a language to the natural mind
More eloquent than that we find in books,
And much more pleasing—mightier much their
spell,—

Upward, afar our inmost being heaving
To that bright land whereon th' Immortals dwell!
Earth hath no other joy that's worth receiving,—
This is a language that thine eyes know well,
For whilst I gazed on them, (to my conceiving,)
I was no earthly man : they me of self bereaving.

II.

Lady! again we might not meet on earth ;
Yet this will meet thy gaze—this overflowing
Of thought which still within my heart is glowing,
And owes to thee development and birth ;
And as our life, be it spent 'mid grief or mirth,
Hatred or love, is but a thought which makes
Its own-felt woe or joy, so we are nought
Save creatures whose existence lies in thought ;
And this, that now from out my spirit breaks,
Will with thy musing mingle 'till 'tis wrought
Into thine inmost nature. We might meet
Never again on earth, no matter, we
Unite in spirit.—Wheresoe'er my feet
May wander forth, thy presence goes with me.

A SONG.

NATURE is our mother,—

She is pure and she is free;

When hearts love each other,

Never part them—let them be.

Lean thy head upon me,—

Let thy true heart beat to mine,

Every pulse will tell thee

Mine is thine, and only thine.

When hearts tarry single,

They but wither, fret, and pine;

Hearts were made to mingle

Thus—like thine and mine.

THE DEAD MOTHER AND SLEEPING CHILD.

The following verses were suggested by a circumstance which occurred lately in Scotland, thus :—A young woman, with her child not more than a year old, called at the house of a farmer, and modestly craved a lodging for the night. Her speech, manner, and appearance indicated that she had seen better days—that her's was no common misery. Her request was charitably granted. Early on the morrow, the child was heard crying, and on the farmer's daughter entering the room of the wanderer, the babe lay reposing on its face fast asleep,—but its mother was dead.

THEY knew not whence she came—she craved
A lodging for the night—
A shelter for herself and child,
Until the morrow's light
Once more o'er vale and mountain lay,
That she might trace her lonely way.

They knew not where her home, nor who
The wanderer might be;
She seem'd abandoned by the world,
Perchance no home had she.
A lover's scorn, a father's rage,
Might have urged her wretched pilgrimage.

No matter from what cause she roam'd,

No matter for what end;

In woe, a friend proves stranger oft,

A stranger oft a friend.

The mother and her infant bland

Are welcomed by a stranger's hand.

Night wears away. The sleeping child

Clings to its mother's breast;

Oh, who can utter half the thoughts

Which break the mother's rest?

She sleeps not,—though her babe is sleeping.

A change—she sleeps!—her babe is weeping.

The babe hath ceased to weep. The lark

Upspringing greets the morn!

There's music in the blessed woods!

Earth seems as newly born!

Approach the wanderer's quiet bed:

The babe's asleep—the mother, dead!

STANZAS.

AFTER Summer, Winter cometh ;
After Morning, Night ;
Sunshine passeth, Darkness roameth,—
Night is following Light.

Hearts to-day are fondly greeting
Hearts to them allied ;
To-morrow comes,—those hearts are meeting,
Mouldering side by side.

Flowers bloom,—the flowers perish ;
Beauty is Decay's fond wife ;
Life and Death each other cherish,—
Death is following Life.

Hand in hand go Joy and Sorrow ;
Youth sinks soon in Age and years ;
Sunbeams set to rise to-morrow ;
Smiles are following tears.

Thus all things, which are, are ranging,—

All pursuing, all pursued ;

All things are for ever changing,—

All decaying, all renewed.

THE EARTH—THE GRAVE—HEAVEN—HELL.

THE EARTH.

A valley broad that's shaded

By storm, and mist, and night,

Whose flowers soon are faded

By some untimely blight ;

Where youthful hearts are aching

With pain of frame or mind ;

Where olden men are shaking

Like winter-leaves in wind,

'Till having measured out their days
In folly, shame, or pride,
An epitaph doth speak their praise—
Their death—to whom allied.

THE GRAVE.

Rest hath made her dwelling here;
Though the Living call it drear,
Beauty, youth, and wisdom meet
In this meek and low retreat;
Generations, without end,
Here in silent ashes blend;
As the sands upon the shore,
Here they lie for evermore,
Waiting the life-giving call,
That shall break Death's sullen thrall.

HEAVEN.

Where flesh and blood hath never been,
Where mortal eye hath never seen,—

A mental sphere—a flood of light—
A sea of glory dazzling bright,
Where the crown of Eternal Life's placed on,
And the Righteous kneel 'round their Father's
 throne,
Singing the songs of praise and bliss—
O for a flight to a sphere like this !

HELL.

A hopeless gulph of ruin and dismay,
Whose rage and darkness never pass away,
In which lost spirits writhe, God's curse beneath,
Bound with the chains of everlasting death.

SONNET TO THE RIVER ALEN, NORTH WALES.

How often have I spent with thee the day,
Amid thy pleasant woods and meadows green,
Until the sun in glory died away,
Whilst sung the merry grasshoppers unseen,
And birds which sprang the summer leaves
between,
And bees which homeward went in joyousness,
Stealing my spirit from a mute distress,
Which doth assail me when I'm hemmed around
By worldly men in utter loneliness :
For I have not been tutor'd in their ways,
Nor loved their joys—their glitter, and their
sound ;
Nor adored their idols—wealth, corruption, praise ;
Nor have I pent my thoughts from them through
fear,
But freely breathed them forth as I do here.

THE PRESENT WORLD.

THE course of the present world

How strangely on it flows !

Wisdom, who are thy friends ?

Who, Vanity, thy foes ?

Go ask the present world,

Why Virtue's path of old was overcast

With enmity and death ?

And she will blame the past.

Go ask the present world,

Why pyramids were reared

To men of little worth,

To memory unendeared :

And why Earth's wisest sons,

The boast and glory of succeeding ages,

Found but in death a home,—

No monument, save Wisdom's deathless pages ?

And she will blame the past,
And bid thee gaze upon a brighter time,
(The day in which we live,)
That deems not Wisdom crime.

Gaze on the present world,
As strangely on it flows ;
Just as it went in olden time,
So now the current goes.

There, in the public street,
A monument is reared,
To whom ? a man of gore,
To memory unendeared.

His mirth was human woe ;
He gamed with human blood, hurl'd wide and far
Ruin and Death among his brother men,
And call'd it War.

To such can freemen bow ?
Can hearts of flesh endure such monument ?
Out on the hollow cheat !
By Time it shall be rent.

THE DOWNWARD ROAD.

A PASSAGE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

A downward road lay to the left,
Of light, of truth, of bliss bereft ;
In form 'twas a rude wilderness,
Full of many a drear recess,
Wherein the various Passions abode,
Who found their prey on the downward road.

Intemperance, first, 'neath the gloom of the night,
Came from his cavern attended by Lust,
Who carried before a glimmering light,
And pointed the path, as was her trust ;
And a curious rabblement followed behind,
Half beast or fiend, half human kind.

Ambition next went pompous by,
Arrayed in purple, silk, and gold ;

The great world lay beneath her eye,

So passing huge was she of mould :

Ten thousand chariots swelled her train,

By whose broad wheels there were millions slain.

Then War and Murder, hand in hand,

And grim Revenge, and Av'rice grey,

And Tyranny, who ever plann'd

Some blood-work for her brother War,

Rush'd breathless past in search of prey,

And hurl'd destruction wide and far.

Disease and Famine next were there,

In many a dark and deadly form,

And they did smite sea, earth, and air,

With poison, fire, and plague, and storm ;

And there was a continuous wail

Of people hemmed around with bale,

Which wakened Madness from his sleep,

Who broke his chains with one wild leap,

And fled.—Despair was at his side,

Pursued by desperate Suicide.

And last of all, in restless haste,
An ancient Monarch rode along ;
His breath laid the tree of existence waste,
And scattered its leaves from the Living among ;
His voice was the thunder that speaks in the cloud ;
His words were the lightnings which dart from their
shroud ;
His helmet of war was the skulls of the dead,
And the wreaths which bound it were hearts which
bled.

So, so rode he in restless haste,
And his breath laid the tree of existence waste.

SONNET,

ON HEARING WREXHAM CHIMES AFTER ABSENCE.

BELLS of my birth-place, ye are truly sweet!

I've pass'd through many a city and strange town,
Since last your pleasant chimes mine ears did greet

With their soft melody; and I must own,

That in my rambles breeze hath never blown
So musical as this which passes now,

Sweet bells of Wrexham, with your golden sound,
That comes like balm to me—I know not how,

For other lands, which distant rivers bound,
Have spoken better of me, and done more

To lessen my life's burthen, than hath ever
The place that may be call'd my life-bestower.

Yet, Wrexham, it shall be thy Bard's endeavour
To blend thee with the famed, the gifted, and the
clever.

SONNET TO ———,

WRITTEN NEAR MINERA, NORTH WALES.

I gazed on Wrexham from an eminence,
Upon the western hills which circle it,
And saw the far-famed tower* that was lit
By the unclouded Sun's ennobling glance.
I saw,—and stood as one within a trance,—
O'ercome by beauty, that did savour nought
Of mortal things, or proud man's impotence ;
And adoration fill'd my world of thought.
Glory to God, my sacred soul did cry,
That I within yon fair vale had my birth !
And then I broke from my high ecstasy,
To think of thee, my fondest hope on earth,
And sigh because thou wert afar from me,
And that true love hath much uncertainty.

* The "far-famed tower" of Wrexham Church is considered to be the most magnificent production of stately architecture, not only in the Principality, of which it is justly ranked as one of her seven wonders, but in all Europe. The rebuilding of it commenced in the year of Christ, 1501, and was completed in 1507. It is ornamented with spires of the gothic order; its four sides are enriched with three pilasters, in which are exquisite gothic niches, one over another, containing the figures of the Apostles; among them is St. Giles, to whom the Church is dedicated, with the hind by which he is said to have been miraculously nourished in the desert.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF LADY WILLIAMS WYNN.

THE ancient Dee is a sacred river,
She runs through a blessed land ;
The mountains are our shield for ever ;
Our vales are green and bland :
But the voice of mourning is on the river,
And tears fall on the land.

I never realize so dear
A joy as when I'm by her side,
And think of those who once were here,—
My noble Country's pride.

It is a joy—a melancholy—
To grief and ecstasy allied :
I grieve, but O, that grief is holy !
I sigh—'twas Joy that sighed.

They sin, who say we cease to be,
When through Death's chilly waters led,—
We are cleansed into felicity,—
Th' unclean alone are dead.

I know—although we see them not—
The sainted, beautiful, and kind—
That they watch o'er our mortal lot :
They see, but we are blind.

For them there is nor change, nor night,
Nor scorching sun, nor anxious thought ;
God is their shelter, strength, and light !
They rest—their labour's wrought.

And so it is with thee, fair Saint,
Who sittest now 'mid glory high,
Above all human care or taint,
A thing of immortality !

Yet we must weep—but not for thee ;
And we must mourn for many a morrow ;

When thinking o'er thy memory,

Oh, how can we conceal our sorrow !

A dirge for thee from every heart

On mountain and in vale is sent ;

Thou needest not the sculptor's art,—

Thy virtues are thy monument.

For thee, my honoured friend, alas !

(The friend of all—my Country's sire !)

Who, now, will cheer life's starless pass ?

Who soothe that heart which all admire ?

And they, the offspring of thy love,

Where may they look to find another

Like her—the angel, now above—

Thy sainted wife—their hallow'd mother.

LIFE AND TIME.

A Raven stood on a village spire,
And gazed below with its eyes of fire,
And there it saw three damsels bright,
Enter the churchyard, with silk bedight.
Next, three youths followed, all gorgeously clad,
Yet the middle one seemed, of the three, most glad ;
For his was the bride who walk'd 'tween the two
Who glided first the churchyard through,
As the eld and the young stood side by side,
Blessing that youth and his maiden bride.

The priest his solemn task hath done :
Two went in the church—they came out one.
A voice of joy springs from the crowd,
And the merry bells are ringing loud—

'Tis one general festival
In the gay village and ancient hall.
Oh ! long will the youthful, the eld and gray,
Remember their young Lord's wedding-day,
Which the Raven saw, and flew away.

Time went forward in smiles and tears,
And the Raven return'd in a few brief years ;
But the spire, on which it stood of yore,
Was fallen, and covered with green moss o'er ;
It gazed below, and nothing beheld,
Save a few old yew-trees which Time had fell'd,
And a few gray stones, without date or name—
No living soul through the churchyard came !

And the Raven could not fly away,
As on the young Lord's wedding-day ;
For it thought of the youthful, the eld and gray,
Who once were in that churchyard seen ;
And it said in its lone heart, " Where are they
Who once have been ?" —

ON THE BIRTH OF THE HONOURABLE LLOYD
KENYON'S SON AND HEIR.

I.

SWEETLY peal the merry bells !
Gwyneth's hills and Gwyneth's dells,
Now resound with heartfelt pleasure :
Harp and voice, in joyous measure,
Greet the presence of a Son
To the house of Gredington.

II.

Little stranger on the earth,
Bright and blessed is thy birth !
Springing from a noble line,
Good, beloved, and famed as thine,
What fond hopes and ecstasy
Warm our hearts in greeting thee !

III.

Live—thy father's joy to prove ;
Live—to bless thy mother's love ;
Live—promote thy Country's fame,—
Extend her glory—that thy name
May give the latest time a ray
To recognize thy natal day !

MAN LIKENED TO A STREAM.

A stream came from a mountain's side,
A babbling stream, a thing of play ;
And it leap'd like a child, as the morning smiled
Upon its joyous way.

It was a clear and gentle stream ;
It claimed the sunshine as a brother ;
And the twain did play, in a childish way,
Like twins of some young mother.

And now the stream did gather strength ;
And now the stream more stately flow'd ;
And the sunshine's heat was waxing great,
That on its surface glow'd.

The sunshine burns upon a river
That once a babbling stream did play ;
As a thing of thought, with passion wrought,
That river takes its way.

Upon the sun a cloud is lying ;
Upon the river twilight closes ;
The night is hieing, the day is dying—
That river ne'er reposes.

And whether it sink in its mother earth,
Or whether it melt in the boundless sea,
Or whether it mount where the clouds have birth,
It cannot cease to be.

And so the child of man comes forth,
And so he's seen a few brief years,—
And so, in the gloom of a closing tomb,
He disappears.

THE DEATH OF LADY WILLIAMS WYNN.

THEY pray'd around the bed of death,
And there the lady lay,
And from her lips the breath of life
Pass'd tranquilly away.
Sing mournfully! Sing mournfully!
We now must mournful be.

They wept around the bed of death—
The lady breathed no more—
No more that form will gladden hearts
Which gladdened hearts before.

Sing mournfully! Sing mournfully!

We now must mournful be.

Thy passing-bell, Ruabon,* tolls;

How heavily will fall

Those grief-awak'ning sounds on ears

In cottage and in hall!

Sing mournfully! Sing mournfully!

We now must mournful be.

The poor man's heart is sighing now—

The orphan's wail is loud—

The widow's heart is dying now—

Their Hope is in the shroud.

Sing mournfully! Sing mournfully!

We now must mournful be.

* Ruabon is the burial place of the Wynn family.

BIRTH DAY SONNETS.

TO SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BARONET.

1.

'Tis not 'mid Nature solely that I find
Delight which nurses into life sweet song,
Heaving my spirit holiest joys among,
But in th' inspection of the human mind,
The well-spring of bland deeds, which warmly bind
The heart of man to man. 'Tis thus I long
Within my verse to have thy name enshrin'd,
Wynn, bravest, kindest, of the brave and kind!
I join the prayer of thousands that ascends
From hill and vale, upon this season gay,
To Heav'n for thee and thine! Long may thy
friends
Hail the bright coming of this joyous day,
And greet thee with their love that knows no ends!
Accept this lowly lay a Bard in duty sends.

Wrexham, the 29th day of October, A.D. 1835.

II.

To live as I would live, I am denied ;
To be where I would be, I am debarr'd ;
And so I mourn my destiny, ill-starr'd ;
And with philosophy, that's justified
By great example, ever strive to throw
A sunshine o'er my path, by pleasant thought ;
Therefore, although by noise surrounded now,
And a huge town's contention, I have sought
And found a pleasure in remembering thee,
And this fond day, that for thine honour'd brow
Wreaths its fresh laurel—prouder may not be !
Yet we must grieve, for where, alas ! is she,
Thine other self, whose heart did overflow
With God-like glory, Truth and Charity ?

Liverpool, the 29th day of October, A.D., 1836.

* * * I feel called upon to state that there is, at present, no solid foundation for the rumour which has been circulated in the Principality, of my noble patron having granted me the use, for the term of my natural life, of a cottage, far from the world's noise, on the banks of the River Dee.

DEATH'S SONG.

THY days have been few in the vale of time ;

Thy hour of life is in Spring's fond prime ;

Why weep, pale youth ?

If love or care thy soul hath wrung,

If sin hath enter'd thy heart and stung,

Or life's grim clouds, or the evil tongue

Assail thy truth—

Go to the mounds where the Dead are lying,

There care is hushed—love ceases sighing,

The heart throbs not to fears replying—

Cold, cold it lies.

And the eye is closed, and the tongue is dumb ;

Harsh words or gentle cannot come ;

Thoughts cannot rise :

And thus with thee it soon will be,

Pale weeping one !

By yon dark yew-tree thou shalt meet with me

When day is gone.

And as the Night with stars doth dight
Her beamy throne,
Thy Soul, in light, shall pursue her flight
To the realm unknown.
And thy body shall go to the worm below ;
The turf its cover ;
One parting look on life's closing book,
And all is over.

A SONG.

I have thought of thee when the stars of night
Shed o'er my brow their pale cold light,
When the virgin Moon by her cloud was hid,
Like thine eyes when closed 'neath their silken lid.
When thou wert sleeping I bent the knee,
And my prayers ascended alone for thee,
'Till my soul grew faint, and my pulse beat high,
And I could not pray for the heaving sigh.

I have thought of thee in every mood,
In crowded hall, and in solitude,—
In sunshine, storm, by night, by day,
Near thy dwelling, and far away :
'Tis thus thou hast become a part,
A glorious one, of my haughty heart—
And it must wither and cease to be,
Ere dies the thought it holds of thee.

A BALLAD FOR THE TIMES.

A.D. 1831.

I saw, in sleep, the things which are

Now passing on the earth :

I saw them, as in painted scenes

An artist conjures forth.

A cloudy sky before me lay,

And on the moving blast

Old Time rode like an aged man

Who noted all that pass'd.

He did not stay, but took his way

Along the path of men ;

And he sung a song of a glorious throng

That should a victory gain.

And people rose to list his song,
And praise to him they sent ;
But they could not tell, though he sang so well,
What victory he meant.

Then uprose one, Oppression call'd,
A giant wight was he,
And he shook his head, and he spoke, and said,
What means that victory ?

And who are the throng which thou boastest of ?
Can they cope with mine and me ?
And where is the hand on the face of the land
That can work me injury ?

Have I not made the earth my den ?
Mankind my legal prey ?
And my sons, who have fed on the fat of the land,
Who are so strong as they ?

I have bound the rich with a golden chain,
With iron I bound the poor ;
And I banish'd Freedom, lest he should gain
The hearts of men once more.

He ended ; and Old Time replied,
Oppression, thóu shalt see
That thy sons, who have fed on the fat of the land,
Must yield to mine and me.

If thou hast made the earth thy den,
For robbery and wrong,
Soon thou shalt know what I can do,
And own me passing strong.

I will break in twain the hell-wrought chain,
Lost Freedom I'll restore ;—
And I'll hang thee up, as a scare-crow,
At the threshold of thy door.

MUSINGS ON THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

THOU solemn, dark, and slowly-moving River,
Upon whose banks I wander, toil'd and worn
By many thoughts, and troubles, which have ever
Been with me since the day that I was born ;
From 'far I come, thou ancient River Dee,
To pay a minstrel's offering to thee.

I'll throw some humble verse upon thy water,
For thou wert aye a river fond of song ;
From off those hills which love thee as their
daughter,

Oft hast thou heard the raptured Poet's tongue
Proclaim thy praise, whilst thou moved joyous by,
Right glad to hear the voice of native minstrelsy.

Mute are the lips which praised thee, River Dee !
Yet thou art still unchanged ;—but yesterday

Druid and Bard paid thee idolatry,*

To-day we vainly question, where are they?

And thou art now even as thou wert then,

A changeless river among changing men!

They were, and are not—their remains are gone,

Save a few vestiges which tell they were;

To-morrow we must join them,—and the stone

That's placed upon us will not long be there,—

Yea, all of ours, like theirs, will pass away,

But thou wilt flow the same for ever and for aye.

Where go thy waters, ever-running Dee?

Do they, like man, find quietness and rest

Within some distant realm no eye can see,

Where dwell earth's buried, whom we call the

Blest?

* The Druids performed faithfully their divine mission. Through the dreary ages of heathen darkness they preserved, pure and undefiled, the religion of Noah, developing its essentials to the multitude in a mode best adapted to the public intelligence of their times.

In the fulness of time came the MESSIAH, and the Mission of the Druids was accomplished.

I have observed in one of the notes to "Mortality," that the Bard degenerated into the idle versifier. I have here to add that Druidism, after the accomplishment of its object, was permitted to run into idolatry; and that the Dee (from the primitive *di*, dark or unseen) was venerated as a sacred river.

Or do they soon return from Ocean's caves,
Refreshed and purged by his all-cleansing waves?

If they return, (and reason deems it just,)
May it not fare the same with mortal man?
Thy waters seek the sea,—he seeks the dust:
And so it aye hath been since time began:
And so I deem 'twill be, till Truth appears
Among mankind with her millenium years.

We cannot die! nor shall the grave contain
For ever our remains—as from the seed,
Buried in earth, quickened by sun and rain,
A flower springs in loveliness arrayed:
So shall we rise, magnificently bright,
To tread the spirit-land 'mid fadeless bloom and
light!

Then shall the earth assume another guise:
Man shall not trample upon man, nor kings
Laugh at a people's wants and miseries,—
Nor priests delude with vain and empty things—

Wisdom shall build a blood-unstained throne,
And Truth, in boundless power, shall ever reign
thereon.

And thou, beloved and melancholy River,
Shalt then become a joyous stream, and see
Upon thy banks what shall be called for ever
The dwellings of the Blessed and the Free,
And thou shalt hear a soul-delighting strain—
The Harp shall sound once more, and Song shall
live again.

THE DYING STRANGER.

WITHIN my heart there burns a heat
That soon must cease to be,
For I feel my sickly pulse doth beat
With quicken'd agony.

The ties which girth our life to earth,
Oh! ask not where are they?
For the hand of Death is upon my breath,
And reveals the grave to me.

An outcast I have sojourn'd here
'Mong strangers cold and proud ;—
The vain man's scoff, the rich man's sneer,
Have made me weep aloud.
In a little while the scene will change,
This rude earth pass away,
The unfetter'd Spirit take her range
To the sunny isles of day.

I ask not where the place may be
Where this worn frame must rot—
In tranquil soil or stormy sea,
—To me it matters not.
I wish nor prayer, nor churchyard stone,
Above my latest bed ;—
I wish for dreamless rest alone
Among the sainted Dead.

The traveller doth seek the inn,
The labourer his hire,
The wearied fain would be where sin
And trouble do expire—
And I, a lost, unshelter'd one,
Upon life's ruthless wild,
Now die—my evil days are done—
O God, forgive Thy child !

The hand of Death is upon my breath—
The shady vale I see,
And beyond it rise the golden skies
Of the joyous country ;
And the sons of light, in mantles bright,
Do wave their hands to me,
Saying,—Brother, haste—thy trial's past—
We wait, we wait for thee.

A PSALM.



I.

WITHIN life's dull and sorry sphere,
Upon the mountain, vale, and ocean,
A boundless Spirit doth appear
To send to Heaven's attentive ear,

A sweet devotion.

The storm, the thunder, and the wind,
The calm, the gush of fount and river,
Give glory to the mighty Mind,
That was, and is, o'er all assign'd
The Lord for ever.

II.

Within this frail, this earthly frame—
This pregnant dust—this mortal clay,
There breathes a fine and quenchless flame—

“ I long to go from whence I came,”

It seems to say.

And when thine hand, Mortality,

Shall place Corruption 'neath the stone,

That flame will viewless burst on high,

Burn 'mid thy stars, Eternity,

With God and angels One.

MY PAST LIFE.

I have loved, and been beloved ;

Sigh'd, and had my sigh return'd ;

Press'd a heart that, rapture-moved,

Beat high and burn'd :

So have many more.

I have good and evil done ;
Of praise and blame I've had my share ;
I have seen a prosperous sun,
And a night of care :
So have many more.

I've had spirits, strength and health,—
I've been as sick as man could be ;
I've had flattery, friends, and wealth,—
Scorn, and foes, and poverty :
So have many more.

I have wandered far and long,
Seen much—done much in my day ;
Fought with passions, fiery, strong,
In my spirit and my clay :
Like some few more.

I have had bright dreams, wherein
My soul flew beyond the sky,
And beheld the cleansed from sin
Glory give to the Most High :
Like some few more.

Tutor'd so I sung the songs
Which have borne my name upon
Stranger lands, and stranger tongues,
Where 'twill be, when I am gone,
With some few more.

POETS.



POETS, though envied, have the sufferings
Which common beings are too mean to feel;
They walk alone amid the many stings
Of midnight prejudice, because they kneel
Not to the Idols which the world hath made
As gateways to her laud.—They must degrade
Their heavenly order ere they can become
Successful like the lower ranks of men,

And then they are not Poets. Whilst they pen
In slavery their thoughts, their native bloom
Turns foul and earthly, and their fame depending
On the weak breath of Folly finds a tomb
As fast as they are to the dust descending.

CONCLUDING STANZAS.

—

I.

'TWERE happiness for me to fling
My harp into the wizard wave,*
That hath the power of withering
The tree of thought† which Sorrow gave
To overshadow the young heart's spring
With care, like that old age doth bring.

* "Wizard wave." An allusion to the fabled waters of oblivion.

† "The tree of thought." Read note affixed to the Xth stanza.

II.

But where upon this earth can I
Find that which none have found before ?
From earth unto remotest sky
Ascends that tree of thought, and o'er
The unknown deep its branches lie,
And underneath those branches ply.

III.

In calm, in tempest, wind, and rain,
It finds no calm, no shelter'd rest ;—
Alas ! its seekings have been vain—
A curse is o'er that sleepless breast
Wherein the tree of thought hath ta'en
Possession—ne'er to quit again.

IV.

I have, in thought, been with the Dead,
Whom men deem past the woe, —
That tortures hearts whose bodies tread

The living shore of throe :
But even in that sleep-long bed
I saw much grief, unrest, and dread.

v.

The Righteous have a blessed sphere,
Where Deity makes His abode,
No storms cloud over dwellers there,—
No thunders mar their placid mood,—
No winds upon their resting tear,
To sweep their hope into despair.

vi.

There sing the minstrels who have been,
Like me, upon the earth,
And found it but a troubled scene
Where few descry'd their worth,
Until on earth they were not seen,
And praise to them stood null and vain.

VII.

I've spoken in the zeal of song,
With feelings wild and warm—
Alas ! they've gone the crowd among,
As flowers 'midst a storm ;
—Some praise, some censure, much of wrong,
Have borne my Poesy along.

VIII.

The pleasant Temple's overthrown,
That shelter'd Bards in days away—*

* To show the estimation in which Bardism was held by the wisdom of our ancestors, I here present the reader with a few extracts from the Triads:

"There are three orders of the profession of Bardism: the Chief Bard, the Ovate, and the Druid-Bard. Each of those have a lawful claim to five acres of land by right of his profession, exclusive of what he is entitled to as a free born Briton, for the right by profession does not abrogate that by nature, nor the natural right the professional."

"The three privileged persons in a neighbouring country are, the Bard, the Druid-Bard, and the Chief of the Tribe. The privilege of embassy from a bordering kingdom can be granted to one of those only. Naked arms must not be presented against them—they are exempt from personal attendance in war—they are to pass unmolested from one district to another in time of war as well as in peace—they are to be supported and maintained wheresoever they sojourn—they are exempt from land tax."

The minister of religion, (the modern Druid-Bard) in one form or another, still retains his immunities, whilst the ill-used Bard has been wronged of his lawful claims. This is not right—nor should it be tolerated by people calling themselves Christians. Is the doctrine of

Upon our mountains now are blown
The Harps of Gwyneth's minstrel day,
When Genius sat upon her throne,
And Song was loved, and Bards were known.

IX.

A traveller, when night comes on,
Should hasten to some house of rest,
And since the times of song are gone,
What peace is there for minstrel breast,
Unless the earthly harp be thrown
To dust, for one of holier tone.—

X.

And he who owns that harp of light
Doth live, though on the earth,

Religion less authentic from its being breathed—as it was of old by the Prophets and Druids—in Song? Is it less powerful because it is embodied in a form consonant to the feelings of our nature, whereby it is treasured in the heart, and remembered in secret? His feelings are at least as fine, and the motives wherewith he is actuated at least as noble, elevated, and disinterested, as those of the modern minister, yet the one is “clothed in fine linen and fares sumptuously every day,” and the destitution of the other has become a jest and a proverb among the vulgar of the land.

Within the fountain where unite
The Bards of hallowed worth,—
Where grows the Tree of Life* bedight
With Eden fruit all-passing bright.

XI.

Peaceful and bland are those who live
Beneath the branches of that tree ;
O would I had the power to give
My soul and all that is of me,
To rest whereon its branches wave—
There the Evil can ne'er deceive.

XII.

Then to the storms and winds I give thee,
Babe of sorrow, harp of mine !

* There are two trees mentioned particularly in the book of Genesis, "the tree of life in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge and of good and evil. * * And the Lord God said, Behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever; therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken; and at the east of the garden of Eden he placed cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

May the savage rocks receive thee,
Where the untamed lightnings shine !
May the thunders, raving round me,
Break the ties which to me bound thee !

XIII.

In my heart the soul of feeling,
Given by the One Divine,
Bursts with extacy, revealing
Harp of sorrow, thou art mine !—
Thou art mine !—to thee I cling,
Through thunder, wind, and lightning !

XIV.

One there is, how great is He ?
Arch-minstrels fail to tell !
And He hath been a friend to me—
He is unchangeable !
Who then hath been mine enemy,
Unless, false-sighted man, 'twas thee ?

XV.

I flatter'd not thy ways, and thou
Hast gabbled of me much,
And threatened with a fiend-harsh brow,
The one thou shouldst not touch ;*
Am I the first who suffer'd so ?
Ask of past time—it answers—No.

* “And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand.”—JOB.

END.

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